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ART. I.—*The Nature and Office of the State.* By Andrew Coventry Dick. 8vo. Pp. 285. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1848.

THE impression of intellectual power which the prior work of this author produced upon us, made us cut open the pages of this volume with extraordinary interest. Most of our more studious and thoughtful readers, we are sure, participate in this feeling of curiosity, and will be glad to learn what the truths and instructions are, which make up the freightage of a ship of knowledge just consigned to us and them by one who had previously enriched us all.

The treatise is published just now because a fresh interest is given to the subject by recent events. The Nature and Office of the State is, indeed, the central theme of these times, when events are happening which have not been paralleled in Europe since the outburst of the Reformation, and which, indeed, have a bearing on the State similar to the effects of the events of three centuries ago upon the Church. A treatise on the State is as appropriate to these times as were dissertations upon the Church when Luther was burning the Pope's Bull.

By a nation or people must be understood a society having a fixed moral sphere and ascertainable laws. There must be a *lex legum* in the political world. This is the theme of this work, which discusses what 'the laws of political society' ought to be upon 'a basis of permanent and universal reasons.' Here we meet

with a very admirable explanation of what is called Conservatism. It deprecates the consideration of what ought to be 'partly prompted by personal interests which are dependent upon existing institutions, and would be benefited by the same unqualified moral sanction being annexed to them which undeniably hallows the political ordinance in general; and partly blinded by the tendency of the human intellect to reduce its abstract ideas of moral things to the dimensions and shape of the living examples with which it is familiar.' Both these influences do, indeed, produce the phenomena of conservatism, though less influentially than the causes commonly stated to account for it. But minds somewhat elevated, when connected by interest with existing institutions, do try to invest them with the sanctity of the general political ordinance; and the old age of men who worshipped the ideal of what ought to be, often exhibits the sad falling off which consists in being satisfied with the approximations to it with which they are familiar. Without a constant subordination of what is to what ought to be, in the minds of a people, and 'an habitual contemplation of political law in its state of native purity, rather than in its usual clothing of statutes, customs, and precedents, the will of the ruler, whether one or many, will be made the standard of right, whence must flow varieties of evils and miseries.'

What is the object of political society? The answers of philosophers to this question may be divided into the universal and the limited. Of the former, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' of Bentham, is a specimen; and of the latter, the 'security for life, liberty, and property,' of certain distinguished continental jurists. By the way, we may remark that Mr. Dick intimates that Mr. Bentham may have appropriated his celebrated definition from an anonymous Italian work, a translation of which into French was published in the third year of the Republic. This '*Essai sur la Politique et la Legislation des Romains*,' says, '*La signe infallible d'un bon gouvernement, c'est la plus grande somme de bonheur divisée entre le plus grand nombre d'hommes.*' 'There is then the most infallible proof of good government,' says this author, 'when the greatest sum of happiness is divided among the greatest number of men.' The maxim of Bentham is this sign or proof of good government, transmuted into the object of political society. Mr. Dick is, we submit, a little hard upon Mr. Bentham, when he accuses him of seeming to take the element of numbers into the calculation of what is morally right. By his phrase '*maxima felicitas*,' he meant the greatest degree and diffusion of happiness, and not any unhappiness to any number, however small. The first and fatal objection to his doctrine is, that he makes happiness his chief good, and is, there-

fore, obliged to define virtue as being useful and pleasant. Sublimate his notion of virtue as you may, you cannot make of it a saint or a hero. His own body, when given for dissection for the good of science, was his notion of virtue in the concrete; and were his notion to be adopted generally, as the doctors would soon have more subjects than they could dissect, the only resource left to the bulk of the community for the disposal of their bodies, would be to bequeath them to be eaten. There is a penny catechism, very well known in Scotland, which is much nearer the mark in every way than most of the philosophers, ancient and modern. The Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines answers thus the question—‘What is the chief end of man?’ ‘To glorify God, and enjoy him for ever.’ This notion of glorifying God, if realized, will produce saints and heroes, while superior to every selfish principle in producing the *maxima felicitas*.

The philosophers of Greece were led, by the smallness of the states of which they had experience, to regard the well-being of man as the object of the body politic. The example of the Spartan republic exhibits their system. Mr. Dick describes it pithily. ‘In that strange community a man was begotten, born, and suckled; he ate, drank, dressed; he thought, spoke, walked, worked, fought, diverted himself, loved, married, worshipped; learned, in short, every thing he knew, and executed everything he did, according to a political rule, the single aim of which was to make each citizen a fit instrument for public purposes.’ The Grecian philosophers held the political condition to be the perfect condition of man. Most of the polities of the East endued political authority with an absolute jurisdiction over the whole life of its subjects. In the most of them, the religious interest had the preference, but in Greece the preference was given to the secular. Josephus has remarked that the Grecian lawgivers framed their laws on the principle that religion was a part of civic virtue, while Moses regarded all the virtues as parts of religion.

The Grecian principle was proved by experience to be too conservative. Individuality suppressed unduly, genius was hindered in ministering to progress, and every people subjected to this rigid sway became stationary. The dominant authority claimed infallibility, and individuality was made its slave. The office of presiding over the whole life of its subjects, must be abdicated, if room is to be made for the advance of society. In Rome, in the earlier ages, the Lycurgan and theocratic polity prevailed, but as its extending territory made the State embrace various tribes and nations within its dominion, the Roman legislators rose in their ideas to the true rule of civil life, of which

the fundamental principle is the personal liberty of man. 'Hence,' observes Mr. Dick, 'within the bosom of the Roman republic, was founded and built up that grand monument of human wisdom, the civil law, which, moulding itself by the standard of universal reason and equity, provided in its letter, and most probably secured in fact, a large measure of civil liberty to its subjects; of security in the possession and freedom in the use of property, as well as of freedom of industry and enterprize.'

The limited theory of the object of society, is the only one compatible with the experience of modern society. Locke limited it to temporal good, excluding religious as not having its fruition in this world. Lieber says the State has for its legitimate objects all those things that are necessary, or highly important for man, and which he nevertheless cannot, ought not, or will not do singly.

Mr. Dick, justly, we think, repudiates all the theories which give supremacy to the political institute. Of the society of mankind; of the religious or ethical society, the Church; of the domestic society, the family, it is no more true to say that they spring out of political society, and are subordinate to it, than to say the political society springs out of, and is subordinate to them. Each of these, and of many other societies, has a distinct basis and sphere of its own. The body politic is not society, it is only a part of it, or an aspect of it.

We may remark here, that in regard to all men and societies, duties and powers are correlative. Fitness for a function is the source of the right to it, and of the duty of discharging it. This notion of fitness, or qualification, goes very deep into the foundation of the morality of individuals, and of nations, of institutions, and societies. Whatever society, whatever individual, the question of duty may respect, perhaps we can get at nothing better than that the end of the individual, or the society, is to do what fitness prescribes. It ought to do what it can do—he ought to do what he can do, are expressions which may seem somewhat simple, when expressed in words of Saxon, and not of Greek or Latin derivation; but we shall see that they will make our path clearer and plainer for us by-and-by, as we proceed with our analysis.

The Political Society, or State, is a holder of land. The command of physical force enables the State to take land and keep it. Property is defined by jurists to be a right to the exclusive use of a thing. Mr. Dick, and his predecessors, universally have determined that the primary form of the acquisition of property, in external things, was occupancy, or possession. We submit our doctrine of fitness, or qualification, as a better explanation of the phenomena of property. Occupancy is said

to connect the occupant with the thing more closely than other men, and to induce labour with the view of acquiring it. Proximity and labour are thus the foundations of the right of property derived from possession. Now this reminds us of a rule in practice among the school-boys of Scotland, which is an exact embodiment of these principles. In regard to found property, the boy who first sees the thing, and snatches it up, has it solely to himself if he cries 'chaps mine,' before any other boy, or boys, can cry 'chaps half,' or 'chaps quarter.' This is exactly the theory of the foundation of property of these writers. The boys leave out all the prior and ulterior claims upon the thing, and so do the philosophers. It is all 'chaps' and snatch! The theory of the right of fitness, gives the right of property in the thing to the person best qualified for making a good use of it. Mr. Dick does not overlook this principle, though he does not give it the dominancy over the question of property which is its due. He says, 'among the general considerations which mould the natural law of property, one of great importance is the capacity of the occupant. Evidently he only can be absolute proprietor who can fulfil the end of property, which is to turn the thing appropriated to its greatest utility.' Hence the condemnation of the system which permits large tracts of country to be kept waste by great landlords. Hence the right of nations to large regions from their possession of the capacities necessary for calling forth their fruitfulness. The laws which refuse to acknowledge any right of property in individuals, and only give them a freehold, a fee simple, recognise this important principle. The political society is the supreme proprietor, or rather, in fact, the only proprietor of whom individuals hold their lands. Cæsar mentions that the Gauls made an annual partition of their lands among themselves. We know how the State parcels out colonial lands. The Circassians cannot see how, except for immediate use, anybody can claim an exclusive right to the soil; and, therefore, among them, enclosures form the only title-deeds to an estate. The political society alone has the *imperium*, and alone can give the *dominium* of the soil.

The Political Society, or State, is the holder and regulator of coercive force. 'This physical agent,' says Mr. Dick, 'acquires a moral efficiency when a public authority is created having supereminent and irresistible power. It acts, thenceforth, much more upon the mind, and by terror, than by actual touch and destruction. It spreads over society a salutary awe, which greatly protects the just from the evil of aggression, and saves those who would do wrong from the evil of punishment.' For protection within the pale of this awe, every man ought to

submit his physical or coercive force to the public will for control and direction.

The landholder and coercer must form one society. The force and land must both belong to the political society, else society would go to pieces, and these constitute the subject matter of the State. The possession of land, and the regulation of coercive force combined, make up political society. The Church, the family, and the family of mankind, are all distinct societies. An association to hold land and wield force, is a State, complete in itself. The less the State meddles with the Church, the Family, or the Human Race, the more distinctly and beneficially will it mind its own business.

The third chapter of this work, is on the State, as the wielder of coercive force in reference to crimes. The question of the right of the State to punish crimes and offences has been universally settled in the affirmative. Nevertheless, we have not hesitated in former numbers of this journal, (see the 'Eclectic Review' for January and February, 1847,) to gainsay the general conclusion. Mr. Dick, in his pages, shows very strikingly the perplexities of an acute and candid mind upon the subject. He says:—

'Now, upon consideration, all breaches of social duty are not only evil as implying (what all offences do) the mental disorder of their perpetrator, but carry in them two distinct wrongs or evils beyond him to other men. *First*, They all cause a specific loss or damage to him to whom the violated right attaches, by something which his right implies to be his, being either withheld from him, or destroyed, or taken away. *Secondly*, They all cause personal distress and pain, not to their immediate object only, but to all who see or know of them being done. These two ingredients in violations of social rights—namely, the personal pain, and as distinct from it, the loss or damage they occasion—are in some forms of offence not very separable, in others they very plainly appear, and in all a careful analysis may detect them. Their effect is to impose on the delinquents two corresponding obligations or liabilities to those whom their offences have thus wronged. And, *first*, As they have caused loss or damage, it follows that they must repair it. And, *secondly*, As they have caused personal distress and pain, it follows that they must themselves suffer the like in return. The obligation to repair the loss which a wrong-doer causes, will be admitted by all to be founded in reason. But the reasonableness of a retaliatory punishment for the pain he has inflicted, is not so apparent. I do not think it is accounted for by saying, that punishment of wrong-doers is useful as preventing wrongs. This utility of punishment is, indeed, a reason for inflicting it on those who have rendered themselves liable to it, but is not surely the ground of their liability. What the ground is, I do not profess to know. This only appears, that men instinctively retaliate pain for pain, and that even the tenderest minds,

while shrinking from administering this law of retaliation themselves, do yet own it to be equitable.'—Pp. 56, 57.

'What the ground is, I do not profess to know.' Surely this is a notable admission from one of the most intelligent men of these times. Punishment is one of the most prominent things in the business of the world. The institutions of punishment, and the functionaries who minister to them, far outnumber, probably, all the functionaries of all the religions in the world. Yet the basis of the institution in morals is a puzzle and a perplexity to all the most profound minds who have grappled with the subject; and when we collect the opinions of those who have decided opinions, we confound confusion by the collection of a battling chaos of contradictions. The foundation of public punishments, according to the Utilitarians, is the good they do by reforming criminals and deterring from crimes. This is clearly an after thought. It vindicates a practice by a couple of assumptions respecting consequences, both perfectly false. Reformation caused by coercive force is a thing contrary to all the laws of cause and effect, and of which an authentic instance has never yet been presented in the history of human experience. The deterring effect, assuming the pretence to be true, cannot make it just to punish by coercive force, because society has no right to be selfish, and procure its own good by the pain of individuals. Self-defence has been stated as the foundation of the right to punish—as if self-defence were punishment—and the gaol or the gibbet a life protector! The right to punish has been reckoned a concession which individuals have made to society in virtue of the original social compact. This is riding a theory to death! Mr. Carlyle makes it an expression of the sacred rage which a crime inspires, and justifiable, therefore, from its accordance with fundamental consciousness of man. This is a poetical mode of expressing the view of such philosophers as M. Guizot and M. Rossi, who do not think it possible to separate the idea of expiation from that of punishment.

Reparation and punishment being the obligations of offenders, the State has weapons of censure and coercion wherewith to compel them to fulfil their obligations. Injuries to property give scope to the coercive power, in compelling the offender to repair them. Injuries to person are retaliated by the coercive power. Injuries to person or property, are inseparable from a long train of physical violences, and hence the functions of the State, the wielder of coercive power. These are the views of our author. 'My object,' he says, 'is gained, if it appears possible to account for the penal jurisdiction of States, by conceiving it to be a system of retaliation for breaches of the peace, established for the safety of men's persons.' Retaliation, he 'stoutly main-

tains, is the fundamental principle of criminal jurisprudence and physical punishment, the proper doom of the class of offenders whom that jurisdiction respects.'

Reformation and prevention are grounds for punishing held by the philosophers who repudiate retaliation, whose advocates, in turn, repudiate the preventive and reformatory basis. The advocates of punishment may thus be left to destroy the arguments of each other. Meanwhile, we submit that the reformatory theory is refuted by facts, and the retaliatory theory is a retrogression to barbarism. Facts prove that prisons are schools of crime, that penal colonies are nurseries of Pandemonium, and capital punishments exemplars of assassination. Would Mr. Dick or M. Guizot restore the system of retaliation, as it existed in the middle ages? From a retaliatory theory can they deduce a reformatory practice? Would they hang the murderer in chains on the spot where his victim fell? Would they confront criminal horrors with legal horrors, and fight crime with its own weapons, making the violence of the law a fair match for the violence of crime? Beccaria destroyed this system. The progress of humanity has made its restoration impossible. However, the advocates of the retaliatory theory see the fallacy of the arguments of the reformatory punishers, who claim a right to inflict pain for the general good; and on the other hand, their opponents see that the retaliatory theory is nothing better than an attempt to exalt the impulses of savage feeling into the dignity of a principle of morals.

The divine source of the following deliverances ought not to prejudice any minds in regard to their profound truth and beneficent power in regard to the restoration of fallen humanity. The State, the political society, is not, we presume, to be exempted from the duty of obedience to the precepts of the loftiest morality. 'Recompense evil for evil to no man'—'See that none render evil for evil to any man'—'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink'—'Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you'—'Overcome evil with good.' The spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, is the only spirit which has ever, as yet, successfully mitigated the criminal characteristics of human nature. Jonathan Dymond, in his 'Essays on the Principles of Morality,'—a work which we advise every father to buy for his son, and every one to buy for himself, since, more than any other work on the subject, a sweet flavour of the New Testament pervades it—Jonathan Dymond quotes Godwin to the following effect, and adds his affirmative to it, as the sober and authorized dictate of justice and good will: 'We are bound, under certain urgent circumstances, to deprive the offender of

the liberty he abused. *Further than this*, no circumstance can authorize us. The infliction of further evil, when his power to injure is removed, is the wild and unauthorized dictate of vengeance and rage.' Mr. Jonathan Dymond, however, claims the right to punish the offender for his own good. 'If he is so wicked that we are obliged to confine him, lest he should commit violence again, he is so wicked that you are obliged to confine him for his own good.' This is the notion of most philanthropists of this day, and it is a noble advance upon the Pagan principle of retaliation; yet it is not a single step in advance of the maxim of Seneca—'The end of all correction is either the amendment of wicked men, or to prevent the influence of ill example.' But he quotes a far more advanced precept, 'If a brother be overtaken in a fault, *restore* such a one;' which does not mean *punish* to restore.

Until the theories which support punishment are extinguished, society will not be fit to enter upon the consideration of the prevention of crime. If this proposition disturb the reader of it, the author will effect his object in stating it. Nearly a quarter of a century of study has matured the disturbing word. The fact which summons the attention of thoughtful people to crime, is, its increase. Our criminals are multiplying faster than our people. Young criminals are increasing faster than adult criminals. The makers of statistical tables differ only about the ratios of the increase; they agree in regard to the fact, unanimously. Punishment is therefore a failure. Society has slept in an uneasy reliance upon punishment since the world began, as an efficient prevention of crime; and crime is victorious over it, growing more strong and terrible continually. The word in season on this subject, must, therefore, be a word disagreeable and disturbing, like the ringing of an alarm-bell by a wounded hand in the stillness of the night.

If there be any safety for society, it is not in any punitive principle, but in a protective principle, in reference to crime. A new science must be created—the science of the Moral Diseases. A new criminal code is needed, which shall deal with crimes according to their tendencies to produce criminals and criminalities. Moral hospitals must supplant prisons all over the world. Man must become the keeper of his brother.

Before leaving the subject of crime in its relations to the State, we must quote a very useful remark which Mr. Dick makes upon the apparent increase of crime which statistical writers show. Whatever other weight may attach to the remark—and we by no means rely on it as its author does—undoubtedly it shows how very one-sided all our statistical calculations have been. They have noted increase in the number of commitments,

but taken no notice of the increase, or otherwise, of the criminalities for which persons have been liable to be committed.

‘One chief cause of the enlargement of the State’s catalogue of crimes, is the progress of order, which devolves more and more upon Government the business of redress and retaliation. Not for a very long time will men resign the habit of self-vindication, and forego the wild justice of revenge. And so long as the manners of an age assign any work of this nature to private persons, Government will not undertake, or, at least, will not have power to execute, that part of its office. Dependent for its practical strength on the will of society, Government can assail only those offences which society has really resigned to its cognizance. But its authority strengthens along with civilization; it conquers by degrees, and at last wholly disarms its subjects; and in proportion as it acquires the monopoly of positive force, it assumes more and more the whole responsibility of acting against crimes. At the same time, men grow more sensitive to the annoyance that attends offences, however light: while for the new load of business which this feeling leads them to throw upon the State, it is more than ever qualified by the new resources and skill to which civilization gives birth, and by which the State acquires something of the omniscience and ubiquity which jurists ascribe to it in their speculations. The result is, that not only the public catalogue of crimes is enlarged, but crime itself appears to increase. And those who judge of the condition of society by the records of the public tribunals for the punishment of criminals, cry out against the times, imagining that men are inventing new crimes, and more frequently committing old. But the truth is, that what alarms them is a cheering token of the growing supremacy of order;—an infallible sign that Society and Government are advancing towards perfection at an equal and harmonious pace; that Society is daily becoming less tolerant of the lawless and the wrongful, and that Government is daily acquiring more aptitude for its work, and with augmented skill and vigour, bringing to bear on crime the machinery of punishment.’—Pp. 101, 102.

In accordance with his theory, that the State is the institute of society for the regulation of its physical force, Mr. Dick says,—the essential characteristic of crime is, the irregular use of physical force. According to him, ‘unauthorized corporeal coerciveness,’ is truly the characteristic quality of crimes. Plainly stated, this means that everything is a crime which is a breach of the peace, or may lead to a breach of the peace. Undoubtedly, this is the point of view in which they come under the cognizance of the Institute of Force. In the formation of civilized society, person and property are committed to the protection of the State; and hence the habitual understanding, that the infliction of pain on the person, and of deprivations of property, shall be by none but the State. From this principle it follows, that the function of retaliation for crimes belongs to the State in the appropriate shapes of pains and penalties. Undoubtedly

this theory is consistent with itself. But a very slight consideration will suffice to show, that protection for person and property is what is required; and the duty of the State is, to furnish this protection, not by coercion, but by the best and most effectual means, whatever they may be. Should retaliatory pains and penalties not be the best prevention, the State is bound to abandon them, and accomplish protection in the most effectual ways.

Legislation is, laying down rules for the regulation of physical force, and the prevention of the irregular use of it. Laws are attempts to state the relations of right in which men stand to each other. These relations, viewed as what the individual can require of others, are Rights; and viewed as what he owes to others, are Duties. These relations are called Laws, when viewed in reference to the coercive authority which enforces the acknowledgment of rights and the performance of duties. The function of the State is, with duties, in respect to pains and penalties. Laws are rights and duties in the form of commands and menaces. The determination of what are rights and duties, does not belong to the State, but to Society, in all countries and ages. Laws only are the creatures of legislation, which are rights and duties in their concrete application to the subjects of the State. Laws do not and cannot make duties,—they can only declare the will of the State in reference to the enforcement of certain duties. The ideal of right is the legislator of the principles which, in turn, make the laws. For the ideals of right, we must consult the reason and conscience of all. Tacitus tells us, that in small affairs the Germans of ancient times consulted their leaders, but in great affairs they called in the deliberations of all—*‘De minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus omnes.’*

Towards the end of his volume, Mr. Dick enters upon the functions of the State with regard to the political uses of land, with regard to labour, education, the Church, endowments, and representation. Profound and enlightened remarks abound, showing the mind of the author to be emancipated from many prejudices: yet on some points there is a want of decisiveness,—an appearance of philosophical impartiality, which is only see-saw. We did not expect this from him. It is a fault in a thinker, similar to the irresolution of him who, in action,

‘—lets I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i’ the adage.’

The question of what is called the organization of labour, is one which his theory of the nature and office of the State would enable him to handle very decisively. But he says:—

The general system hitherto adopted is well known, and seems in the main free from objection. It has been customary to retain in the hands of the Sovereign, or of inferior public officers or corporations, the portions of the national territory needed for public uses, whether local or general, and to allow the remainder to become the private property of individuals. In these the State vests the possession and usufruct of their lots, *permanently* and *indefeasibly*, unless the public service should demand their reclamation from the condition of private property, in which case it reserves right to resume them for an equitable consideration; and *exclusively*, except in so far as a share of the public expenses may be levied from them. This permanent and exclusive appropriation of land to individuals has been frequently accompanied with unjust and mischievous powers over it, and an odium has been created by its abuses against the right itself. This has led some men to contend, that the industrial management of the national territory, and the distribution of its produce, should be a part of the public business. Of late, a similar opinion has become somewhat popular in regard to moveable property also. The extreme inequality of man's condition as regards riches which the existing state of society presents, the superabundant affluence of some, and the miserable indigence of many, is a spectacle which no one can contemplate without regret and condemnation. Great and lamentable as it is, the evil, in the opinion of some, is incorrigible, nay, must increase, so long as society obeys its present rules, and States maintain the right of property on its present footing, securing to every man the exclusive disposal of all he has produced by his own labour, or has lawfully acquired from another. This right, apparently so equitable and useful, they condemn as the necessary cause of the prodigious evil of industrial competition, of that unfriendly struggle with each other for subsistence and wealth in which mankind are everywhere engaged; a struggle in which every man looks to ruining his neighbour as the means of success, and of which the final result is, to corrupt the victorious few by repletion, and to debase the vanquished multitude by want and misery. To correct, and, in the end, expel from society those hideous evils, they advocate a new organization of industry. They would substitute the principle of association and co-operation for that of individualism and competition in industrial pursuits; and in regard to the produce of labour—the principle of common for that of individual right. A difference, however, exists among the promoters of the system respecting the proper rule for distributing the fruits of labour. One party contends for a graduated tariff of salaries—a division proportionate to the social desert of individuals, maintaining that as men are unequal by nature, a corresponding inequality should be observed in the allotment of social honours and enjoyments. Another party contends for a rule of equality, their opinion being that although every man is bound to exert his whole industrial energies and skill in the service of society, no man is entitled to a greater share than his neighbour of the fruits of industry. More lately, a still bolder innovation upon the existing system has been proposed by a man whom the recent French Revolution has invested with European celebrity. M. Louis Blanc, while accepting the rule of equal wages or salaries as

expedient in the state of transition from the old to the new system, announces the just rule to be, that a man's industrial duties are in proportion to his aptitude and his powers, his rights over the produce of industry in proportion to his wants. These differences are important. But whichever rule shall be preferred, it is evident that in the social system where it prevails, the sense of self-interest, hitherto the main-spring of human industry, must be greatly blunted, if not entirely deadened. Industry, therefore, must there languish and decay, unless men are inspired with a love of labour of which we have as yet had no experience, or the place of the abstracted stimulus be supplied by a system of social police so strict and constant as to reduce every man into a machine or slave of the community. And, after all, the results of the severest discipline would be but a poor compensation for the sacrifice of freedom and dignity it would cost. Practically it would be found possible to exact from men only a very low amount of daily labour, no higher indeed than is fitted to the capacities of inferior workmen, that is, of the majority. While, to maintain the numbers of the population within the limits of subsistence and comfort in a community inert and stationary, measures of constraint and repression, of which the bare thought is frightful, would probably become indispensable.'—Pp. 147—150.

Now, if he had said at once,—the State is the physical force institute of society; and therefore, the adoption of the associative instead of the competitive principle in the organization of industry is not within its province, he would have refuted M. Louis Blanc far more effectually. M. Louis Blanc says, the State ought to be the banker of the poor, and supply capital to industrial associations. The true reply seems to be,—the State ought to mind its own business, of which banking is not a legitimate department. Undoubtedly, the present British Government, and most of the despotisms and aristocracies of the world, have raised money by taxes from the people to lend to themselves. Louis Blanc and Louis Napoleon invite the working classes to use their power with identical selfishness. The French Communist associations and the British Whig peers are one in principle; for the former wish to borrow capital from the State to enable them to carry on their trades, and the latter have actually many thousands of pounds, which they have borrowed from the State to enable them to drain their estates. Besides the answer supplied by Mr. Dick's theory, there is an excellent financial reason against all similar projects. They are a malversation of the public funds. They are a part of misgovernment, and are fruitful of misgovernment. It is not the duty of the State to lend money, because if the political society lends to all, it takes from itself to lend to itself, and if it takes from a class to lend to a class, the State is unjust.

It is but justice to Mr. Dick to observe, that he would im-

prove the law of partnership in every way necessary to give the associative principle fair play. The capabilities of this principle, are fair subjects for experiments. Frenchmen have made it work wonders in the field of battle, and they may make it productive of wonders in the fields of peaceful industry.

With regard to education, Mr. Dick 'inclines to the opinion, that the State has no right to undertake it.' It is the business of the family institute. 'The physical force institute is not fitted for discharging it. When the family cannot discharge this duty, orphaned and outcast children may devolve upon the State for education; but this does not establish a case for national education, but only for the education of particularly unfortunate children.

'Private benevolence has already made large, and will, undoubtedly, yet make larger provision for the education of the people; and I would expect to find, if the results were appreciable, that these private efforts made up by their superior efficiency, for all their inferiority to a State Establishment, in amplitude and symmetry and stability. There are two other considerations:—*First*, The State in assuming the function of educator, arrogates intellectual and moral authority. To this it has no right; and destitute as it is of the wisdom and superintending capacity necessary to execute such an office, it is compelled to attempt it by laying down general laws. These are framed according to the views of a legislature, the organ not of the wise but of the powerful; they take little or no account of the individual and class peculiarities that prevail among mankind; when once fixed, they are with difficulty altered, and therefore soon become unsuitable to the age; so that its interference in this affair is likely to be as perplexing and enfeebling to the healthful spontaneous action of the community, and generally mischievous, as it is theoretically unauthorized. *Secondly*, A system of education must embrace religion. But it seems now generally admitted, that in education by the State, religion must either be left out, or taught in a form, which, however it may satisfy some few persons claiming to be philosophers, is regarded by the rest of the world as defective and mutilated. If, however, the State can give only an education defective, or worse than defective, in this capital point, is it conceivable that education can be part of its duty?'—P. 174.

Of the theory which Mr. Dick propounds respecting the office of the State, it is obvious that it explains a great mass of the phenomena of government. When Hartley resolved all the phenomena of the mind into the doctrine of association, he threw great light upon the philosophy of thought, although all subsequent investigators regard his generalization as an extreme one. The function of self-love, among the emotions, has, in a similar way, been powerfully and perspicuously expounded by Hobbes—very erroneous though his theory may be, as an explanation of the whole of human nature. Mr. Dick has ren-

dered a similar service respecting the nature of the political body. This is a high merit, a great service. Perhaps Mr. Dick will pardon us, if, after recording this great praise of his book as a work of thought, we state that we can give it no praise as a piece of composition. His words are ill chosen, and his sentences ill made. In these days, when the newspapers make clearness, correctness, and neatness of composition common among all educated men, Mr. Dick presents, in this work, the spectacle of a learned man and a profound thinker, expressing himself in Latin and Greek derivatives, sometimes confusedly, and often clumsily.

We may conclude by remarking, that his theory enables him very powerfully to dispose of many vexed questions. On the alliance of Church and State, for instance, it educes an instantaneous condemnation. A State Church is a physical force Church! History and experience confirm this view.

ART. II.—*Revelations of Life : and other Poems.* By John Edmund Reade. London: J. W. Parker. 1849.

MANY poets, who are now in high favour with the public, have felt, like Mr. Reade, 'the influence of malignant star,' and had to live on for years before the world would turn aside from its business or its pleasures to contemplate the creations of their fancy. When we read several years ago, Mr. Reade's 'Record of the Pyramids,' his 'Sacred Poems,' and his 'Italy,' we felt that he was destined for still greater things. To be popular, in the usual sense of the word, a man must work with every-day materials, with the passions, feelings, incidents, affections, and fortunes of ordinary life, and seldom quit the visible diurnal sphere to soar into the empyrean of metaphysics; but as there is a poetry of action—a poetry, so to speak, of intrigues and catastrophes, so also is there a poetry of thought which follows the *vestigia deorum* through the spiritual invisible universe.

It is this class of poetry that Mr. Reade has most earnestly cultivated. In 'Catiline' he has proved his acquaintance with Roman story, and with the sterner passions of a plotting and conspiring age; in the 'Deluge' he has exhibited his sympathy for the phenomenal grandeur of nature; in his 'Italy' he has passed in review the accumulated treasures of art which time has piled up in that beautiful peninsula; but in the 'Revelations of Life' he has aimed at a still loftier mark—that of showing towards what goal the various classes of mankind naturally tend; or, in other words, what are the true issues of life and death.

Here, then, he has got on ground of universal interest. We have all a desire to know the peculiarities of the life that is in others; and, therefore, confessions, whether minute and in prose, like those of Augustine, and Jean Jacques Rousseau, or general and suggestive, like those in which poets indulge, have always been popular. The incidents of an author's, and still more of a poet's life, are often found only in his works. He seldom engages in material adventures, seldom expends in strife and contests with mankind the energies for which he has other uses. He leads a life of contemplation apart. His existence, serene and quiet, reflects from its bosom the accidents of an imaginary heaven. The births or deaths of an opinion, the dynastic sway of one passion after another, the shock of hostile theories, the remembrances of the past, the apprehension of the future, these are the 'stuff' of which a poet's world is made up.

Now to all who reflect that above that unquiet stratum of physical activity in which we plunge forward and backward, in which we are swayed hither and thither by the currents of business, in which we toil and triumph, love or hate, there is another stratum, calm and beautiful, called the ideal world, and that in order to taste of real happiness, we must often ascend from the former to the latter, poetry becomes, in some respects, a necessary of life; or, perhaps, we should say, it is the Sabbath of the imagination, that portion of our lives in which we repose and think, in which we reflect on evils past, and happiness to come. To it, consequently, all will have recourse whose desires transcend the limits of animal existence.

Mr. Reade belongs to that class of contemplative poets who derive from the survey of humanity a pensive philosophy, which slightly disquiets while it charms. We none of us, perhaps, find the fountain of life to be a fountain of pleasure, but some bathe in it, and are intoxicated, and in the forgetfulness of their serious duties are happy for awhile. But reflection comes and proves to us how empty, for the most part, were our joys. We then become restless, give now our thoughts to earth, and now to heaven, and endeavouring, as it were, to pass between two jostling spheres, are often bruised, if not crushed between them. This represents the state of Mr. Reade's mind. He loves the earth, has a passion for whatever is beautiful in external nature, finds 'books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones,' tastes of delight in solitude, and yet is haunted by the sentiment which induces us to wish for some one

'To whom to whisper—solitude is sweet.'

Through verse he now makes the world his confident, and whoever loves a gentle melancholy, whoever has encountered on

pleasures' wastes the demon satiety, whoever has known what it is to be in the world, and yet not of it, to behold masks in human faces and inscrutable mysteries in human hearts, will earnestly welcome his revelations. Disappointment lurks beneath all our pleasures, a truth which Lucretius, with his haughty epicureanism and inimitable pomp of verse has engraven on the memory of mankind.

——— 'medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.'

Byron has expressed, in most musical English, the same thought:—

'Full in the fount of joy's delicious springs,
Some bitter o'er the flower, its bubbling venom flings.'

Nay, Shakespere himself was a disciple of this school, and often, like one of his own characters, sat chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies. The 'Revelations of Life,' therefore, are the expression of a permanent form of human thought. It is not a drama, yet dramatic. There is a scene, a time, a place, there are speakers, changes of locality, sudden transitions, shocks of argument and opinions, and glimpses of personal misfortune and death, with equal judgment and feeling. Mr. Reade places the action of his poem on the scene of his own early years. He has, properly speaking, but four characters—the pastor, the enthusiast, the fatalist, and the fanatic. But the presence of two other characters is felt, that we mean of the pastor's daughter, and of the female wanderer from Southern lands, who comes to pour out her life in obscurity beneath an unknown sky. All that is positive in the range of the description, whether of persons or things, is confined within the circle of Dartmore, to most Englishmen a *terra incognita*, lofty, bleak, frowning in the midst of the loveliest of England's counties. No fitter spot could have been chosen in the whole island for placing a picture of mixed despondency and sweetness. Nature there is full of vicissitudes, the storm follows the sunshine, the towering barren crag alternates with the green peaceful valley, and tracts of inhospitable desert are thinly interspersed with patches of cultivation, gladdened by human dwellings. To one of these let us introduce the reader. It stands in a little paradise, over which the fairest and brightest of earth's inanimate stars shed their glory and their perfume:—

——— I paused to dwell
On that gray cot: the deep bay casements there,
The gables wrought, the mullioned arch, the porch,
And the quaint pinnacle with ivy crowned.
The low verandah, pillared on wreathed trunks,

The azure panes o'erhung ; deep shadowing
 Rich flower-beds beneath of freshest earth.
 And there the beautiful of Nature flourished,
 The ever-loved, the ever-joyous flowers,
 Whose blossomings are laughter : there, the rose
 Languidly her dew-dripping cheek declined ;
 Her name a blessing, sanctified by love
 And child-remembrances ; the marigold,
 Opened her beauty, nun-like, to the Sun,
 O'erveiling when he sets, to be looked on
 By no inferior eye. There, radiate, shone
 Through cloudiest green the star-like jessamine :
 Irises drooping in the luxury
 Of a fine sorrow, their blue orbs half-closed ;
 The azalia leaned against the soft gray wall ;
 There paled the delicate anemonè,
 Turning away her sweet head from the wind ;
 And there the humbler wallflower shed a breath
 That realized Elysium.'—Pp. 8, 9.

Now, then, let us wander away with the Enthusiast to witness,
 for the first time, the in-rushing waves of the ocean. The verses
 are worthy of the theme. It is impossible to say more.

‘ I do recall

That date-day of my life : how bounded forth
 My spirit, opening o'er that vast expanse.
 Above the luminiferous ether spread :
 On the horizon line the far-off Waves,
 Glittering in light, bannered with glorious clouds,
 On coming, like some multitudinous host,
 Foam-crested, rolling on blue flashing lines,
 Broke in reverberating thunders ! I
 Knelt down and heard the mighty Coming ! filled
 With inspiration of the priests of old,
 The reverential awe of the great Deep !
 I stretched my hands forth to embrace the power
 In-rushing on my Soul ! I stood before
 Nature, and felt her heaving life : I heard
 The innermost pulses throbbing at her heart !
 Mountains, and sands, and ocean filled my being :
 And the serene sky, calm as Godhead's brow,
 Looking on agitation. I beheld
 The Spirit of Joy cleave through the rushing waves :
 I heard them shouting through their rocky halls
 Innumerable laughter, as they came
 From their long wanderings rejoicing home !—Pp. 21, 22.

We could have desired to enter at some length into the plan of
 the extraordinary poem, entitled a ‘ Vision of the Ancient Kings.’
 It is full of deep interest, of that interest, we mean, which
 springs from the strangeness of thought, and the novel and

startling character of imagery. We must select a passage, which may allure the reader to the remainder.

‘ I came up from the hoary Sea,
Like Pilgrim from a far countree :
The path lay through an ancient wood ;
A silent, solemn solitude :
I felt my human foot the first
That ever had its stillness burst.
A sense of awe, and doubt, and fear,
The drawing on expectancy
Of something unfamiliar :
The Shadow not to be put by,
Of following Necessity,
Crept o’er me, as the jagged trees,
Muttering above their mysteries,
Impended o’er : their cresting boughs
Bent over me their hollow brows,
Instinct with hidden eyes that stole
Like conscience, felt within my soul !
Their breath of life upon me shed
I felt, as I beneath them passed :
A greeting chill as from the Dead,
To one expected—come at last.

‘ Gray shattered crags were round me hurled,
The fragments of a former world :
For on their sides were records traced,
By Time and bleaching storms effaced :
Strange, mystic figures graved thereon
By hands whose very dust was gone :
Thoughts of high Seers, their birth and breath
Lost in the eternity of death !’—Pp. 98, 99.

The other poems—‘ National Defence,’ ‘ Lines written on Doulting Sheep-Slate,’ ‘ Departure of Ulysses,’ &c., each and all deserve critical notice ; but we must refer the reader for their character to the volume itself. It might, perhaps, be deemed an invidious task to mention the names of poets who, with not one half of Mr. Reade’s merit, have long obtained a prominent place in public estimation. Criticism has done more than justice to them, and far less than justice to him. Distance, operating like time, has induced reviewers to treat him as a dead author, but they are now beginning to recognise his vitality, and will probably make up for former injustice, by a frank and enthusiastic recognition of his claims. We place him higher than many of those who now stand before him, and if people will only look up they will see him over the heads of his rivals. It is time that this should be done, though far from being too late. In fact, the act of doing justice is always in season, and we invite both the critics and the public to perform it.

ART. III.—*An Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially in reference to Architecture.* By James Fergusson, Esq., Architect. Part the First. London: Longman and Co. Royal 8vo. Pp. 537.

THE scope of the investigation of which the present volume forms the first instalment, is large; its purpose, important and elevated. The actual *purpose* it proposes to itself amounts to nothing less, than the assisting in pointing out that 'path, by which society may attain a higher eminence, and be fitted with nobler aims, than now occupy its attention.' In the general cultivation of science and art is rightly apprehended one efficient instrument towards this advancement: in the general improvement in Knowledge and appreciation of the Beautiful. The purifying influence of the healthful appreciation of true art is well seen to be capable of becoming one of the most powerful agents of elevation, on the character and life of the appreciator. That our English so-called 'liberal education' amounts for the most part, to anything, but a real and fruitful education, a cultivation of the entire being of the individual man, a cultivation whereby his heart and intellect may be developed, his latent higher sympathies awakened to a life of continuing action, a cultivation such as none now but men of letters and the most thoughtful attain—fighting it out for themselves, has already been perceived by some few. With this perception the present author starts; realizing it so clearly, as very few bred up amid the reigning system *can* realize it. That it is the upper classes of society, as well as the lower, who at the present time imperatively need an education, an *actual* education, over and above the mechanical one, the misdirected, 'treadmill and dumb-bell system' they now possess, is discerned as an inevitable conclusion.

To art, the specific *scope* of the treatise is confined; to the suggestion, or rather, to the clearing the way for the suggestion, of worthy and healthful aims in its development. It is addressed to the establishment of truer principles in regard to the apprehension of the fundamental conditions of art, than now prevail, among the mass, whether of artists, connoisseurs, patrons, or general thinkers. By the development of first principles, through a comprehensive, searching, historical survey of art, it is proposed to effect this. And it is architecture, which is made the central art in this historical exposition, and the leading subject of detailed inquiry. With the various past phases of this art, the author is most intimately and scientifically conversant. It is this art, too, which has ever proved, in all national and universal develop-

ments, the midwife of the others, the material motive and support of their existence. It is this which lies most degraded at the present day; of which—sculpture perhaps excepted—the existence has grown the most radically false, distorted, puerile, and unmeaning. Apart, therefore, from personal and extrinsic reasons, it may well claim to occupy the place assigned to it.

For the fulfilment of his task, Mr. Fergusson manifests qualifications, rare and important. A general and detailed conversance with science, in all its leading branches, and with art, throughout the entire range of its past development, supported by personal study in many of the countries of its more recondite manifestation; an active spirit of antiquarian research, united to a natural constitutional aptitude for first principles—a conjunction so unfrequent; together with a still rarer attribute, a full, logical capacity for scientific classification: all these qualifications are his. Above all, he possesses one other, at once the root and result of the rest, rendering them actual and profitable, serving to guide and steady them—mental independence; a turn for thinking for himself, and on his own account, without reference to ruling creeds, or current notions. He who possesses this—no acquired, but a natural gift—possesses, other subordinate requisites not being wanting, all things essential to fruitful philosophic research. It is this attribute of thinking, which pre-eminently distinguishes the present treatise; that has served to render it one, which shall possess an influence and authority, quite distinct and foreign from aught to be found in the mass of treatises, equally learned and painstaking.

Rightly to appreciate the legitimate character and aims of art, in its largest conditions of being, it is, in the first place, requisite, to settle its relation to the remaining branches of human attainment. In the Introduction, therefore, of which the author truly speaks as the *text* of his work,—all the rest, illustration of that said there,—prior to the indication of general principles in respect to the primary conditions of true beauty in art, a broad classification of the respective provinces and subordinate developments, as well of science as of art, is essayed. It commences with a division of the field of human knowledge into these ‘two great natural classes,’ the sciences and the arts; a division at once novel and profound. By the former, is meant ‘a knowledge of all that nature does without man’s intervention; by the latter, a knowledge of those modifications that man works on nature’s productions.’ ‘The great mistake,’ the author then goes on to say, ‘of all previous systematizers has been, the classifying knowledge according to some metaphysical idea of how it is perceived or learned by man. Now, to my mind, the fundamental idea of a science, is its total independence of such, either directly or indirectly;’

though 'on all sciences are based arts.' The settlement of this great distinction clears the way for the defining the specific province of every separate class of arts or sciences. The entire field of knowledge is then mapped out, with great vigour and clearness of exposition. The preliminary survey of science is masterly and suggestive, often profound. The more determinate classification attempted to be indicated of the arts, both useful and fine, is comprehensively original, and powerful. To a notice of some of its more prominent features, we shall return, after we have run through a hasty summary of the general contents of the volume, and the scope of the author's leading doctrines.

To the Introduction, succeed essays on Egyptian art, Western Asiatic (including Assyria, Syria, Asia Minor), Grecian, Etruscan, and Roman art. The remaining portion of the 'Inquiry' will contain essays on Eastern Asiatic art (including the Peninsula of India, together with the neighbouring countries, Java, and China), Mahomedan, Byzantine, and Gothic art; also a survey of 'the Monkey styles of Modern Europe,' an Epilogue, 'forming the counterpart of the Introduction,' and containing a summary and further development of the doctrines growing out of the preceding histories; and in conclusion, 'practical suggestions for the improvement of art.'

The value of the essays already published, is, merely in a historical point of view, considerable. The history of the systems of architecture, of which they treat, has not before been given in so comprehensively adequate and lucid a form, as in these summaries. The philosophical settlement of the relation of each development of art, to those precedent and succeeding, as well as of its own abstract intrinsic value, the actual degree in which was attained the aim each proposed to itself, is yet more acceptable; as forming a rarer and more important feature in artistic history. The exposition of Egyptian art is especially satisfying, and suggestive. The historian here shows himself possessed of a knowledge of his subject-matter, taking root in love. His appreciation of the essential primary characteristics, and individual realization, of this unique and remarkable development of ancient art is complete. Of Greek art again, we are not acquainted with any summary exposition, in our own language, at once so faithful and living, as that given here. Few are capable of throwing themselves so fully into the past, of so far entering into the true spirit of existing remains, and so far reclothing with life those developments of art of which the evidences are now lost to us, as to suggest a competent mental conception of the large world of Greek art, in its past perfection of manifestation. Mr. Fergusson has attained this. His realization of the arts of Greece, in all their variety of development and unity of general

purpose and employment, is fresh and graphic; and in its breadth and fulness of insight, altogether original; pregnant with inferential, as with abstract value. The view taken of Roman art is such as every free inquirer must now take—severe and uncompromising. Its inherent falsehood, its tastelessness, its negation of pure or high intellectual teaching, its failure in merely sensual beauty, are all pointed out clearly, and forcibly. It is shown how, in architecture, the Romans combined Etruscan with Greek principles, without understanding either, without ever therefore, working out a genuine consistent whole. Scarcely sufficient stress, however, is laid upon one point, that of the *constructive* falsehood of Roman architecture, one of the results of this system; falsehood which has proved so miserable an influence for modern classic architecture, and indeed for *all* architecture now current; hence, the great principle of a faithful reliance on construction, for effect, has been lost sight of in all our pseudo ‘styles.’ Hope, in his *Essay on Architecture*, was among the first fully to expose this prevailing viciousness of the Roman system—that of almost all existing architecture: the combined use of the Etruscan arch and the Greek columnar principle; the former, for essential purposes of construction, the latter, for decorative effect simply, as an idle superaddition, a waste. Severe as is Mr. Fergusson’s general estimate of Roman art, it is even too indulgent, tacitly, in this respect; in the partial slurring of this characteristic; as well, indeed, as in the according it too unreservedly, the attribute of technic merit. We do not ourselves see how such a system of architecture, as this of Rome, can lay claim to even technical worth; imposing as it was, in mere material aspects, mass, and surface.

Revolutionary and heterodox as are the principles of this ‘Inquiry,’ a revolution in art will not be *created* by it, but guided. It is, in fact, but a ripened first growth and exponent of the advancing truer and deeper artistic insight of our time. Such a book could not have been thought out, had it not been the spirit of the time was tending that way too. To the implicit one-sided copyism of some generations back—we now speak more especially in reference to architecture—an interval of anarchy has succeeded, wherein each man, or each clique, follows his or their individual private god. That a system of blind copyism and repetition, however directed, persisted in for any lengthened period of time, in any department of art, as in any department of human working generally, will be ever of necessity productive of falsehood and nullity, has yet been clearly apprehended but by a few. It is this principle which forms the key-note of Mr. Fergusson’s teaching; its thorough and comprehensive establishment, the sum and scope of his labours; that which he endeavours throughout, and at every stage of his

research, by the employment of direct common-sense reasoning, and plain common-sense interpretation of past history. This great truth is ever insisted on, that a real and faithful utterance in art, as in all things, must have worth—for such proceeds from nature—is the only utterance that can have worth; that aught attempted through an alien, exotic, and forced development—assumed by the artist as a garb that is not his, that of right belonged to another, can result in nothing but at the best, a splendid or specious failure. It is maintained with a fulness and directness of exposition, such as have not hitherto before been expended on the matter, that it is independence and progressive vitality of action that are imperatively and primarily needed, for the very existence of all true art, in whatever country. Wherever, it is shown, we moderns have relied upon ourselves,—have made use of the labour of past time, like rational and intelligent beings, not like plagiarists and machines; to draw *lessons*, not material therefrom; to study, not to copy; as suggestive experiment, not as realized perfection: in science; our practical, material, useful arts, our manufactures, our cotton-spinning, our ship-building, our engineering; or, in such minor developments of fine art, as landscape gardening and floriculture,—*there* we have succeeded and surpassed, immeasurably, those who went before us. Wherever, in the higher theoretic arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, and, for an interval, in poetry, we have copied and servilely worshipped past achievement; practically acting as if the work were finished, perfection accomplished; treating the specific art as a stationary, not as a progressive enterprise; *there* we have failed, and sunk immeasurably beneath our idols, as we deserved to do; the measure of failure varying in its intensity according as the worship was more or less servile, the material for this worship more or less abundant or accessible, in the remains of the past forms of art, existing to us.

‘Anterior to the sixteenth century, architecture and all the arts were cultivated with only one motive, and for only one purpose, that of producing the best possible building or work of art, with the best possible materials at the command of the artists, and without ever looking back on preceding works, except to learn how to avoid their defects and surpass their beauties; in short, an earnest progressive struggle towards perfection. Since that time, the rule has been to produce the best possible imitation of some preceding style in building, without reference to the purpose for which the model was erected, or the climate or customs that gave rise to its peculiarities.’

For the achievement of better things in art than we have yet achieved, nothing can be more necessary than the arriving at a just estimate of that already compassed. Mr. Fergusson’s estimate of current modern art is searching, and in its result suffi-

ciently severe ; but, with one exception, strictly just. None can have arrived at a keener perception of the inanity, the futility, the puerility of architecture and sculpture, in England, and Europe generally, as these arts have been practised during the last three centuries. The exaggerated childishness, the irrelevance and absurdity of this practice would in fact be absolutely incredible, were not the acquaintance with this practice so familiar a matter to us all. How men could once be induced into so far forsaking their plain instincts—not to speak of reasoning powers—as to fall into the trick of unmeaning repetition of the speech spoken thousands of years since ; accounting it beautiful and appropriate to be said by *them*, because it had been beautiful and appropriate in the mouths of those who first spoke it ; overlooking all else that had been said in the ensuing interval, and all which they themselves might have had to say ; this amounts to an anomaly past elucidation ; far more, that men could be found to persist in this senseless system, for hundreds of years. Bacon freed science from its servile adherence to the imperfect realizations of antiquity. He knew not a similar paralyzing slavery to antiquity was in his own time assuming its first rule over modern art ; with consequences equally disastrous, with those, which had resulted to modern science. And the Bacons in art—the theory of art, have arisen but in our own generation.

With painting, during the greater part of the last three centuries, the models have been different ; but the system analogous. Taken in the mass, it falls under the same category with architecture and sculpture ; though occupying a higher, that is, freer position. But *all* our art in this direction has not been borrowed ; as our author by somewhat too general an implication affirms. In some few of its manifestations, of recent time, as in particular in England, painting has vindicated a genuine healthful existence of its own. And in passing judgment on modern art, this exception ought to be made, to render the judgment altogether adequate or satisfactory. It is true, English painting, even in those developments wherein it is genuine and original, does not, with sufficient earnestness or decision, adopt an intellectual utterance as the pre-eminent aim ; sacrifices too largely to the subordinate sensual, and technical requirements. But the indirect value of high attainment in this last aspect is not to be overlooked, though inferior to attainment in intellectual regards. Painting has, in fact, progressed among us vastly in technical achievement, but not commensurately in intellectual power. It is to be remembered, however, in the faithful rendering in this art, more especially in landscape, of natural effect, there is to be realized the highest intellectual speech, though indirect and vague ; the speech of Nature, transmuted and fixed. The very same indi-

vidual material may be made to speak quite different speech, under varying aspects of nature; as through the refined truthful rendering of light and shade, in two different landscapes of a Constable. The value of this indirect speech Mr. Fergusson does not take into account.

It is true, too, that painting does not amount to a large comprehensive development in England, a consistent genuine development as a *whole*; genuine at all, only in the working of scattered individuals. In the best times of art, a certain degree of general analogous excellence was possessed in common, by nearly all the proficient practisers of the given art, though carried to the highest pitch in the works of those gifted with highest original genius. It is one prevailing broad and truthful system which can alone ensure this result; a system, such as Mr. Fergusson enforces the necessity of recurring to. And, above all, it is an universal development, a synchronous development of the finer arts in all relations—in architecture, sculpture, painting, and every subordinate branch of mechanical ingenuity, from which a finer result than bare utility may be developed—jewellery, costume, upholstery, all objects of carving, &c.—which can prove a sufficient realization: a realization such as was attained in Greece, and, with varying perfection, as individual arts were concerned, in the mediæval time. The pressing need of a universal development of this kind forms one among those important truths which are here so pre-eminently insisted on.

In architecture, our future legitimate course of action is admitted to be plain. A sufficient guiding aim is here to be found, in the making our buildings worthy of their destination, and suitable to it. For all the minor arts, again, concerning themselves with mechanical and sensual beauty, rather than with intellectual speech, we have but honestly and independently to set about striving after excellence, as we have strived in the useful arts. But for painting and sculpture, Mr. Fergusson does not realize the immediate specific aim as being yet within sight, for the guidance of our artist; an aim such as guided the religiously poetic exponents in these arts, of Greece, or the religiously thoughtful, and spiritual exponents of the Middle Ages. He acknowledges, however, the essential aims of poetry to be at the present time virtually clear to its followers. Is not the aim of the formative arts the same as that of poetry; the general intellectual aim, that is; all three arts being simply diverse instruments towards one main end? As it is afterwards here expressed, 'We have noble deeds to commemorate, a noble literature to illustrate, and the elements of infinite poetry around us, which no art or time can exhaust.' For the elevation of art among us, we do not account it so needful, as does our author,

that the 'upper classes' should enter upon its practice. We have more faith than he seems to possess in the efficiency of individual genius, more especially in the higher arts, wherein intellectual speech is to be given; though we fully realize the due importance of a truthful general system, and one truthful school of working. The diverse primary requisites, in this regard, of creative art, and of mechanical art, practical science, are not to be confounded. Such genius has not on experience been found to exist, as the exclusive possession of the higher classes, or, indeed, to be by any means there, the most ready of growth. But the necessity for the upper classes being made competent to *receiving* true art, and for the correction and elevation of the general habit of thought in regard to art, is a fact but too notorious to all who have concerned themselves earnestly about the matter. For men of thought to interest themselves more generally, and more adequately, in this great feasible field for highest human achievement and for highest general spiritual elevation—that of universal art—than they have done hitherto, would in itself amount to one of the best, most fruitful species of *patronage*.

In reference to the present condition and prospects of modern architecture, Mr. Fergusson somewhat undervalues the relative worth and significance of the prevailing feeling for the revival of Gothic. If, indeed, such a revival shall, or can, prove no more than stationary, he has reason for ranking it unreservedly with the copyism of classic which preceded it; though, to our own taste, the latter falsehood is the preferable, a great many shades more rational, expedient, and natural. Mr. Fergusson would account it even more senseless if possible, than the prior system; but without sufficient consideration. Classic is removed from us and our habits of life, and so is Gothic. But Gothic is *nearer* to us—us northerns more especially—to our religion, to our national character and pervading tone of feeling and sympathies, our habits, our practical wants, by some score or so of centuries. Add to this, an equally important consideration, as true architecture is regarded, the opposed systems of *construction*—the natural primary basis of all after-development—prevailing among ourselves and the Greeks; the Roman system not here to be taken into account, as in this regard equally false with the modern. And though the Greek was a 'pure and intellectual style,' Greek civilization is not *ours*. The comparative barbarism of the Middle Ages is nearer to us and our habits, than the civilization of the Greeks; akin, as is the parent to the child. Mr. Fergusson would counsel the throwing overboard all precedent; the construction of a building, the best practicable, for its specific purpose, and the progression from this point onwards, to an individual style of architecture. This would be well, doubt-

less, would amount to the best plan for the ultimate regeneration of architecture, could we achieve it *thoroughly*, and consistently, could we feasibly return to the simple elementary constructive forms of our architecture—bare posts or piers, beams, rafters, walls, arches; thence, in time to be developed, a new architectural growth. And a far worthier, more beautiful building, such simple truth would of itself, and in the first instance, bring about, than is achieved in most of the pretentious erections of the day. But a positive miracle would be requisite to effect this return. Such a system cannot be pursued, amounts to a physical impossibility, except at an early stage of society. Men cannot, at the present day, in an age of complex civilization, when overwhelmed with the results of the labour of past time—and if they could, would not—by a simple act of the will, ignore all this, and set to work anew, and as little children, in an art like architecture. This is not an imitative, but a creative and conventional art; having its root, indeed, in nature, living when true and consistent, an analogous life to that of nature, but with altogether a new and unparalleled result. We must, in this art, have somewhat whereon to ground our exertion—cannot create a style out of nothing; must have some point on which to rest the lever, whereby we may move our world. The Gothic architects developed their style from out debased classic; commencing with simple modification, ending with a fundamentally distinct and opposed system. And so it is, we must act with Gothic itself; Gothic, for the reasons we have assigned, being that of all past systems, the most feasible for us; if the return to the rudimentary basis of architecture be not—as that Mr. Fergusson proposes, to be consistent, or of worth, must be—entirely absolute. Let us first adopt a modification of the style, a superficial modification to our own present needs and habits; and then commence a system of essential progress: progressing, analogously, as the Gothic architects progressed—their architecture having been never stationary, having always varied with the varying age—to a new Gothic and a new architecture; developing a system of our own, adapted to the present time, and representing it.

It is true, the Gothic architects set to work upon a degraded and vicious system, developing it into a true one; we should have to employ ourselves in the further development of an elevated and truthful system. But this, too, is imperfect, *relatively*; imperfect, in its achieved realizations, for the accommodation and representation of present life. The architects of the middle ages, began, it is true, with a style with which they were familiar. But again, the familiarity was not in their case less superficial, than that we now possess with Gothic. It was a happy ignorance—of the fundamental principles of the old style, which

formed the source of the fresh truth and beauty of the new. We, indeed, have been forced to simple *revival* of Gothic, literal rather than essential, to attain what knowledge of it we do possess, practically. But we are not forced to *stop* there. Working, henceforward, upon the true principles of *all* architecture, and by the aid of these, developing to our own use the latent further capabilities of Gothic; with such a system, were it but understood and earnestly entered upon, we see no reason why those high results Mr. Fergusson would have us realize, by a more difficult, a less consistent, and a less sure process, should not be realized; and we, in the future, surpass the architects of the Gothic time, as they surpassed the architects of Greece, and as the architects of Greece surpassed those of Egypt. Modern architects and architectural patrons, will be slow, we fear, to fall into either plan of working out a natural and true system of architecture. When men have once descended to the parrot speech, it is hard to endow them again with the speech of men. We cannot, however, but see greater likelihood of the natural necessity for the pursuit of this system being preserved amid the intelligent revival of Gothic, than under any other external conditions.

It is to be borne in mind, remembrance and partial adherence to some one or more among the past systems, now in use among us, would be sure, from the inevitable necessity of things, to linger about any process of future development, such as Mr. Fergusson proposes. In its *spirit*, such a process is the true one for our adoption, though not in its literal enunciation here. It is the partial adherence to one system, we would enforce; as such uniform adherence can alone prove consistent and fruitful: that one system, Gothic; this being in some measure our own, and nearer to our sympathies and wants than any other. Mere *revival* cannot last under any system, if true architectural principles be once cultivated and adopted; least of all, under the influence of so truthful and living a system as the Gothic. It is the futility of a course of mere copyism of the past results of any system, which the present author sees so clearly and comprehensively; apprehending it, under all the aspects which that strange and senseless spirit of servility may assume; with a consistent impartiality, such as special predilections will allow to very few, even of our own time. The absurdity, indeed, in the present day, of repeating the imperfect design of Gothic sculpture, under the hope of thereby reproducing the *feeling* of that sculpture,—as if, as Mr. Fergusson otherwise has it, a fool by breaking his legs, could raise himself one whit nearer to a lame poet—is intrinsically as great, as that of repeating the constructive falsehood of Roman architecture. But even one kind of *copying* may be relatively better,

than another ; may be better directed. And though it is a profitless and idle waste of energy, blindly to reproduce Gothic art,—or rather its superficial forms, for this much alone can such a system attain ; it does not follow, the same holds true of an *intelligent* study and development of those attributes of Gothic art, most nearly affecting us at the present day, amid our undirected, un-elevated practice. It is this one point Mr. Fergusson overlooks ; undervaluing Gothic art, not apparently, in its own abstract being, but in its relations to other forms of art, and to our own time.

In his introductory classification of the arts, Mr. Fergusson divides all—after ranking apart the politic arts of government, &c.—into Technic, ‘the power-accumulating and tool-using arts,’ augmenting and applying natural powers ;—Æsthetic, ‘arising simply from the use of our senses, as contradistinguished from the technic,’ and its use of *muscular* power ;—and Phonetic, arising ‘from *voice* and its amplifications,’ as the reflex of intellect. The division has exclusive reference to the primary material motive-powers of art. It is original, and valuable. The employment of the word ‘æsthetic,’ though varying from that ordinarily current, is admissible,—indeed, welcome,—as being one more legitimate and distinctive. The unfitness of the word, by reason both of its etymology and the diverse meanings attached to it, for its ordinary large significance, had before been pointed at by Mr. Ruskin, who substituted for it, in its higher application, the term ‘theoretic.’ We should be glad to see the popular use of this vague word, ‘æsthetic,’ narrowed to the sense both these authors assign it. The general tables of the arts here drawn up, with a reference to the distinction just defined, are full in their indications and suggestive ; though in their very nature, as the author himself confesses, open to an indefinite amount of modification, as to particulars. Among the developments of the fine arts, are rightly indicated the positions of many, now utterly, often ludicrously remote, from meriting to rank as such. The leading distinction of the arts into technic, æsthetic, phonetic, is developed into a general criterion in criticism, by which to estimate the intrinsic worth of all individual works of art ; according as the legitimate primary characteristic of the specific form of art-development to which such may respectively belong, is realized ; and according to the proportion the manifestation of the higher phonetic utterance bears, to that of the two lower utterances. The employment of a system of numbers is proposed, for the habitual representation of the perfection or imperfection of a specific work in any given art ; a plan, such as has been often practised by connoisseurs, in conjunction with other distinctions, with indifferent success. The general un-

numbered distinctive criterion of merit, contains a useful suggestion; would, were it practised, be found of no slight service, in amending and directing the taste of many a connoisseur and artist. Some such general broad mental criterion is indispensable, in fact, for assisting and supporting the judgment of all who would arrive at adequate notions of the true essential scope of art, and of its individual productions, as well as for embodying its results. But uniform reliance on any rigid scale of numbers, for representing the fine gradations of individual merit, is dangerous: precision impracticable; and the ultimate result sure to amount, more often to arbitrary, than to abstract truth. The numbers, for instance, Mr. Fergusson gives, incidentally, to represent the abstract and relative values of some among the Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Gothic temples, are far from satisfactory; and as Egypt and Rome are concerned, at actual variance with judgments previously laid down. The numbers, again, fixed as the highest ever attempted in any modern painting, are sufficiently low;—somewhat more than sufficiently. We are familiar with landscapes of Turner, of which the phonetic and general relative worth, the highest ideal numbered scale of perfection here assigned to the art of painting, taken generally, is quite inadequate to represent.

Arts fluctuate, from the purely technic to the purely phonetic, through various degrees of combination of one or both of these, with the æsthetic. We have not space to follow in detail, the general classification given here. The specific enumeration of the arts, according to their more prominent essential characteristics, under the three heads of technic, æsthetic, and phonetic, it would not be easy to settle quite adequately. There are one or two classifications here, however, singularly unsatisfactory. ARCHITECTURE, by itself,—apart from the assistance of painting and sculpture,—is ranked as intrinsically a purely technic art, though the greatest. This is bound up with a misapprehension running all through the treatise. Thus, though it is in one place allowed, that Gothic architecture excelled the Greek, in skilfulness of construction, grandeur of conception, and appropriateness of detail; yet architecture, taken generally, is afterwards considered to have reached its greatest perfection in Greece, inasmuch as having been there the most skilfully *subordinated* to the 'more phonetic' arts, sculpture and painting. Mr. Fergusson, by the way, more than once contradicts himself on this point of the relative rank of Gothic; as when speaking of the Hypostyle Hall at Karnac and the Cathedral of Cologne, where a remarkable opinion is put forth, totally unsupported by the author's general principles of criticism; and again, when, on one occasion, Gothic is alluded to, as 'a rude

and barbarous style : ' with the same kind of truth, as the ' Iliad ' or the ' Canterbury Tales ' might be spoken of, as ' rude and barbarous ' poems ;—as being, that is, native to a rude age. Lord Lindsay, on the other hand, classifies Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic art, as each respectively realizing, with the highest individual perfection, the material, the intellectual, and the spiritual reachings of art. He develops the distinction too exclusively and rigidly ; but the leading idea it embodies is faithful enough to the facts of the case ; looking at those attributes, most emphatically characterizing these three developments of art, and their several essential aspirations. Both this author, again, and Mr. Eastlake have well affirmed every form of art to have been ever individually developed to the highest perfection, when developed somewhat at the expense of the others : sculpture among the Greeks, painting among the modern Italians, architecture in northern mediæval Europe. And assuredly, when considering any art, the excellence achieved, or fallen short of, in it, its own individual reaching forms the legitimate object of consideration. The capable limits of this reaching alone bound the standard of criticism ; not its feasible beneficial subordination to other forms of art. This last forms altogether another consideration, varying in its importance, with the varying requirements of any individual production of art, indispensably including a combination of different forms of art-development. Architecture, in its highest reachings,—as in the hands of the Gothic architects, has capacities of expression peculiar to itself ; of the grandest, most significant import ; is by no means dependent, for transmission of intellectual meaning, on painting and sculpture. In the assumption of this essential dependence, consists Mr. Fergusson's error on this head,—a singularly material, and obtuse one. Lord Lindsay rightly distinguishes architecture and music in their most perfect individual developments, as the most purely and nakedly spiritual, of all the arts ; and as always having most fully realized those developments, when most depending on themselves, and their own unaided individual capabilities. But music, also, Mr. Fergusson treats, as occupying its highest position when conjoined with another art, and wed to speech ; and ranks it as, by itself, apart from verbal utterance, a purely *æsthetic* art,—as serious, and in its nature superficial a misapprehension as the former.

Colour, again, as a distinct development of art, while he fully expounds its lower technic and *æsthetic* value in architecture, sculpture, and the minor arts,—a value so completely and obtusely ignored at the present day, so well understood and developed among the Egyptians, the Greeks, and in the mediæval time,—yet in its highest phase, in painting, when assuming

an altogether new and full existence of its own, he ranks as merely an æsthetic art, as possessing nothing beyond a sensual value. Lord Lindsay, indeed, has, on this head, fallen into the same mistake, a very vulgar one, and one very generally prevailing. But as his critic, Mr. Ruskin, in other words put it to him: 'Is God's heaven *sensual*?—the sun himself *sensual*? the great moving-power of all landscape-beauty *sensual*?' And yet Colour is the leading, most essential constituent of these great natural features, and of all their drama of beauty and significance. How much, genuine excellence of Colour may of itself, effect, to purify and elevate, in painting, has been finely expounded by the same writer, elsewhere. There exists of truth, in painting, no more purely and subtilely spiritual influence, no deeper or finer speech,—artistic though intellectual, vaguely,—than this, of Colour, in its grandest realizations.

Unless thought can measure itself in words, can preserve its strict value, transmuted to another form than that primarily proper to it, unless, that is, thought be of *one* particular *kind*, our author scarce seems to account it thought. The *suggestive* speech of architecture, of music, of Colour in painting, of that indirect interpretation of nature of which we have spoken, perhaps of external nature itself—all this he tacitly ignores. This is with him a matter of temperament, of the complexion of his habitual thought. The defined, the precise, the rigidly determinate, alone can content him; he can alone apprehend. For the vague, the indefinite, the unseen, he feels not. His sympathies, nay, his actual vision, or insight, are not for the spiritual, but for the purely intellectual. This fact is rendered abundantly clear, in the character and tendency of his abstract, and particular criticisms; as well as in the tenor of his classifications. There is little of the Poet in his nature; little of imagination—that imaginative sympathy which is demanded of the perfect critic. But the scope and mission of art, in its most elevated *direct* working, the relative worth of its actual, defined realizations,—their specific healthfulness and resultant beauty, or untruth and consequent abortiveness; this much he ever apprehends with a clear decision of sight, as rare, in its conjunction with so large a capacity for primary and scientific truth, as we find united to it in him, as it is in itself fruitful, and universally efficient in the elucidation of the varying subject-matter of inquiry.

There remains one prominent inconsistency of Mr. Fergusson's classification, of a different order from the rest. In this case, a so-called art, claiming the *least* of intimacy with the remainder, is placed the highest. Above poetry, occupying the first place in the scale of the phonetic arts, is put *Eloquence*, 'the highest class of refined reasoning and philosophical utterance'—of positive

science. The term 'Eloquence' in a somewhat analogous sense to that given it here, might well have been employed, for the prose poets—the great general thinkers; with a rank, below that of the poets proper, of the poets most fully developed, that is. And had there existed men of science, *poets*, the rank here given them—or at least something less might have held good. But, in fact, scientific thought, or rather, its expression, has not, in any sense of an art proper, developed itself into an art; even to the degree, general thought has in modern time, attained, or to that in which metaphysic thought had developed itself, among the Greeks. There lie perhaps in modern science, the rudimentary materials for an art; but none is, as yet, developed. Were scientific thought consolidated, systematically developed into largeness of view, and imaginative fulness of exposition, such development might become an art, and rank beside, though not above, poetry. It is, as comprehending part of the higher æsthetic function, with the deepest and fullest intellectual speech, poetry in itself makes up a Cycle of art; manifests its large nature; satisfying at once so various a range of spiritual needs; calling into play so various a range of mental life. It is not the being merely and altogether phonetic, or gifted with intellectual speech, that can give an *art*, properly so called, the highest rank; but as conjoining with the highest attainable intellectual utterance, the æsthetic speech of the remaining arts. The precedence, accorded by Mr. Fergusson to the possible art of Eloquence, in its scientific application, is grounded on a misapprehension of the right nature of poetry. He does not see, that its office, in its highest and truest working, is the apprehension of *Truth*—of truth, of another order simply, from that of science: truth peculiar to itself, intangible, subtile; truth, of equal value with that apprehended by science, but of which science takes no cognizance. This misapprehension becomes very palpable, when he alludes to imagination, as discoursing 'of golden mountains, eternal springs, shoreless seas, and such like things;' and of man's imaginings, as contradistinguished from 'God's truth.' For, in fact, the essential imaginings of poetry *are* God's truths: just as much as is the law of gravitation. And that action of poetry to which he here makes particular allusion, forms but a very subordinate, secondary one; belongs to its outward vesture and symbolism; falls within the province of *fancy*, not of actual imagination, at all. Mr. Fergusson would do well to study the chapter on Penetrative Imagination, in Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters.' It may here indeed be adverted to, that our author does not, at any time, in the course of his treatise, show himself to be possessed of any familiar conversance with the higher writing on art of the present day

—so prominent a feature in contemporary literature—either English or continental. This is somewhat remarkable in one working so largely in the same field.

Important, as is the portion already executed, of the present 'Inquiry,' it forms but a fragment of a general design, yet more important, and of one, we would willingly see completed. As the treatise now stands, all the full weight of the principles the author has proposed to himself to inculcate, is not developed. In a preface, of singular modesty and candour, forming an interesting contrast with the boldness and independence of the work itself, Mr. Fergusson has stated the reasons inducing him to publish by instalments. Much to his personal honour as it is, that he should have fitted himself for an undertaking such as the present, in conjunction with, and despite a life of commercial activity, we think it pity he should have been, or at least should now continue, hampered by engagements of this kind; could matters in his case be anywise differently arranged. We do not see what business the author of this *PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY* has, legitimately, with indigo factories, 'commercial establishments,' or again, 'treatises on fortification.' It were well, could all such foreign matters be thrown aside, once and for ever. As to completing the work single-handed, without assistance from the suggestions of others,—a consideration forming one ground of hesitation with him—we should account Mr. Fergusson perfectly competent to it. And as for the defects of style again, to which he makes allusion: these are not important. There do, indeed, occur, in the course of the volume, occasional redundancies of expression; but scarcely more than might readily have been expunged, during the progress of the work through the press. The general spirit of his style, though not actually eloquent, is singularly lucid and forcible; the force, that of directness, and earnestness of thought. There is, indeed, no play of large imaginative power of expression. But the beauty of the crystal is there; though not that of the picture-stained window. And it is thus, too, with our author's matter itself. Though he is prone to be carried away, now and then, by a fit of antiquarian research, on matters not of the highest importance in a work like the present; yet there is, throughout, no great wealth of general thought manifested, apart from the direct discussion of the specific matters of inquiry. Much field for very wide-reaching thought in fact, naturally presenting itself, amid the indication of general views on art, towards the close of the Introduction, is passed over with a very niggard culture. Principles that might advantageously have been developed with considerable fulness of exposition and development, are enunciated slightly, and barely.

We would willingly have entered into an analysis of the clear and scientific Method, whereby Mr. Fergusson lays the ground for his classification of the arts, as well as more adequately, of this classification itself; and again, of the historical essays which succeed. A supplementary volume might be written, in the development and discussion of some of the topics, started in the course of the Introduction alone. Take for instance, simply, the influence of antiquity on European thoughtful life, during the last three centuries; since the 'Revival,' as the slang term has been: that overpowering, enslaving, besotting, negating influence, which the servile worship of classic art and classic literature, has, more or less, exercised, over modern artistic, and literary working; and the varying degrees of evil realized in different directions, commensurately with the varying, extrinsic and intrinsic, modifying influences at work, in regard to the several individual recipients of the classic influence. Our available space, however, has only allowed us to offer a slight sketch of the general subject-matter, character, and object of this 'Inquiry.' We have, on the other hand, thought it needful to take detailed notice of those secondary positions, on which we find ourselves at issue with the author; rather than of those, about which there exists no variance of opinion between us. These latter comprehend the substance of the volume; though, of course, there remain minor conclusions of criticism, from which we may dissent. The former are few, and readily summed up, though possessing importance: more especially, that question of the most desirable outlet for the energies of contemporary and future architectural working,—of the most feasible practical chance for insuring the progress of our inane architecture to a living reality. This point, it would be well, were Mr. Fergusson to reconsider. In historical and antiquarian exposition, our author is, through his past facilities for personal study and thoughtful research, qualified to instruct, better, than we, to dissent; were the calls for dissent ever so frequent. But when he treats of general philosophic principles, we arrive at equal ground. And to this, we have confined what little detailed discussion, our space has enabled us to enter upon.

We sympathize so entirely with the aim and tenor of the principles here developed, and inculcated; we account the book calculated to effect so much benefit to art; and to modern society were its teaching to take root in the minds of thoughtful men, and become realized, in their theory, or practice,—according as their position may demand of them influence, or actual artistic working; that we cannot but desire for this 'Inquiry' a favourable and ready hearing, from those whom it concerns: and this, in fact, comprises artists and thinkers alike. The book is such

an one, as we had by no means looked to have as yet made its appearance. We had conceived, a far longer space would have elapsed; a far later date would have been found necessary, for the elaboration of such a system of thought, as prevails in it. To those who have not thought for themselves on art, its doctrines will sound distasteful enough: jarring, heterodox, wild. But every great truth, or system of truth, must be first, a heterodoxy. And this present heterodoxy—only an apparent, not an essential one, a return rather to the primary principles which once prevailed everywhere,—cannot be overturned; can only be *answered*, by specious sophistry, by appeals to secondary, and second-hand principles, to the authority of Use and Wont. The truth is of an order, that must find acceptance, in the minds of the unsophisticated, or of those, who can for a while, and in part, divest themselves of preconceived sophistication. In the end, it *must* prevail, with all: at least theoretically,—in the development of the theory of art. And after all, the ruling practice cannot, but, in the sequel, square with the ruling theory. There does now exist, moreover, a body of scattered thinkers,—small, and it may be, not the most immediately influential, ready to receive it; of thinkers who have themselves worked out analogous, or identical conclusions. These cannot but welcome the attempt to develop them in right comprehensiveness, and coherence.

It is Mr. Fergusson's merit, that he has apprehended a great principle of Nature—that of Progress through aggregation of experience, and as ruling every remaining department of human achievement, in its relation to art;—and apprehended it, in all its bearings; worked it out to its full conclusions. He stands not among those, who have elucidated modern inferiority in art, by reliance on secondary causes, on extrinsic accidental conditions; by specious superficialities, and *make-shifts* of reasons: academies, climate, organic confirmation, government, lack of patronage, its redundancy,—and what not. Casting aside mere conventional associations, conventional predilections, the deceiving haze of pseudo-fitness that surrounds the familiar and accepted—in the eyes even of most who can think for themselves, and rebel against precedent; he has dared to expound the true life of art, in its great *primary* principles,—in relation to the primary conditions, essential for the attainment of the truth,—as it has not yet been expounded: with a fulness, and directness, and integrity, which have not yet hitherto been expended on them; important, and revolutionary, as of late years, has been the elucidation of art, in other, more subordinate aspects. The merit is no insignificant, nor ordinary one. Neither will his labour prove unprofitable labour.

ART. IV.—*American Scenes and Christian Slavery ; a recent Tour of Four Thousand Miles in the United States.* By Ebenezer Davies. 12mo. Pp. 324. London: John Snow.

THE title of this volume grates sadly on our ears. It sounds most discordantly, and produces impressions of a repulsive and painful order. We were at first disposed to question its propriety, and some doubts on this point yet linger with us. The phrase employed is a misnomer. It designates—properly understood—what does not exist, and what, from the very nature of the case, never has, and never can, exist. Christianity has indeed been associated with a thousand evils. Its sanction has been invoked by various and conflicting phases of iniquity. Ambition, covetousness, fanaticism, intolerance, and superstition, have sought its alliance, and talked its speech. But in all such cases they have sought to conceal themselves. As though sensible of their own hideousness, they have assumed the garb of religion, have affected the air of Christian virtues, and made professions wholly foreign from their own temper. Weak in themselves, they have sought power from the noble element with which they have entered into alliance, and the result has been, the delusion of mankind and the debasement of our best treasure. The forms of Christianity have been employed in hostility to its spirit, until its very name has become a byword and reproach.

But in the case of slavery, something different from this has happened. It has paraded itself, has stalked forth unblushingly to public view, has asserted its own lawfulness, and boldly appealed in defence of the wickedness it involves—the spoliation, debasement, and misery it includes—to the highest and holiest standard. Not content, like other vices, to compass its end by an affectation of the forms of virtue, it speaks its own proper language, and, with unparalleled effrontery, claims for its atrocities, the sanction of God's holy truth. Nor is this all; nor does it by any means constitute the strongest feature of the case. Incredible as it may seem, the appeal has been allowed. Christian men, and even divines of high standing, have given it their sanction, and have laboured to establish its truth. And they have done so, not with sorrow and shame, not with averted countenances and cast-down eyes, as might have been expected, but with boldness and zeal, as though they were rendering God service, and were laying mankind under great obligation. It is true that the more wary of the class have endeavoured to keep

out of view the worst features of the system, but in doing so, they have added to the wickedness of their procedure. They have reasoned about slavery as a thing totally different from what they knew it to be, and have thus deluded their readers, while they successfully administered an opiate to their own consciences. They have given to the man-stealer the benefit of their logic, and have satisfied themselves with distinctions which he was known to despise. For ourselves, we are free to acknowledge, that could we adopt their position, we should tremble for the faith we revere. Infidelity, with all its sarcasms and bitterness, is an imbecile opponent, when compared with these reverend expounders of the word of God.

America is the present seat of this great practical heresy, and the volume before us derives its principal attraction from the light it throws on the reasonings and conduct of its abettors. Mr. Davies has rendered a valuable service by its publication. He does not pretend to enter into the philosophy of the question, but contents himself with recording facts, and with making on them such brief comments as naturally occur to an unsophisticated religious observer. It is long since we have read a volume with deeper or more painful interest. Our very souls have been saddened by its perusal, and nothing short of a sense of duty compels us to lay before our readers a few of its disclosures. We have no ill-feeling towards the Americans. Whatever other Journals may have done, the 'Eclectic' has rendered uniform justice to their many noble qualities. In the marvellous progress of their republic we see matter for congratulation, and look forward to the future with hope. When the effervescence of their youth has passed away, and the matured judgment of age is attained, we confidently anticipate for them a position of pre-eminent glory and of commanding influence. But in the meantime we must speak honestly of their errors and their crimes, and amongst these we assign to the slave-system an unenviable distinction. Vicious in itself, an unmixed evil, involving, of necessity, many of the worst crimes of which humanity is capable, this system retards their social progress, brings their religious profession into doubt, and constitutes a hot-bed in which robbery, lust, murder, and 'all uncharitableness,' are produced on a wholesale scale.

Mr. Davies is honourably known as an agent of the London Missionary Society, who for some years has resided at New Amsterdam, Berbice. The ill-health of his wife having compelled him to leave British Guiana, he resolved on a visit to the United States, and the volume before us contains the narrative of what he saw and heard. 'Travelling, at his own expense, northward from New Orleans to Boston, and westward as far as

Utica,—making a tour of more than four thousand miles, sometimes known and sometimes unknown, just as inclination prompted,—representing no public body, bound to no party, a “Deputation sent by himself,”—he was completely free and independent in thought and action, and enjoyed advantages for observation which do not often meet.’

Mr. Davies entered the States by their most southern port, New Orleans, and was, consequently, at once introduced to an acquaintance with their slave-system. He did not visit the north until afterwards, and could not, therefore, have been misled by personal intercourse with the abolitionists, of whose coarseness and violence the slavery press of America says so much. He was evidently disposed to look with a friendly eye on the people he visited, while the African associations of his ministry in Berbice would naturally lead him to regard ‘the treatment of the same race in America with keener eyes, and feelings more acute, than if he had not stood in that relation.’ He was not long in New Orleans before the system obtruded itself on his notice, as the following brief narrative will show. The simple fact that ‘no crowd, not even a single boy or girl,’ was a looker on at so disgraceful a spectacle, speaks volumes. But our author shall tell what he saw.

‘While on our way to get the remainder of our baggage from the ship, we came upon a street in which a long row, or rather several rows, of black and coloured people were exposed in the open air (and under a smiling sun) for sale! There must have been from 70 to 100, all young people, varying from 15 to 30 years of age. All (both men and women) were well dressed, to set them off to the best advantage, as is always the case at these sales. Several of the coloured girls—evidently the daughters of white men—had their sewing-work with them, as evidence of their skill in that department. The whole were arranged under a kind of verandah, having a foot-bench (about six inches high) to stand upon, and their backs resting against the wall. None were in any way tied or chained; but two white men (“soul-drivers,” I suppose) were sauntering about in front of them, each with a cigar in his mouth, a whip under his arm, and his hands in his pockets, looking out for purchasers. In its external aspect, the exhibition was not altogether unlike what I have sometimes seen in England, when some wandering Italian has ranged against a wall his bronzed figures of distinguished men,—Shakspeare, Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, &c. It was between twelve and one in the day; but there was no crowd, not even a single boy or girl looking on,—so common and every-day was the character of the scene. As we moved along in front of this sable row, one of the white attendants (though my wife had hold of my arm) said to me, with all the *nonchalance* of a Smithfield cattle-drover, “Looking out for a few niggers this morning?” Never did I feel my manhood so insulted.’—Pp. 22, 23.

On the Sabbath-day after his arrival, Mr. Davies attended at the 'First Presbyterian Church,' curious to learn whether the tales he had heard of the line of demarcation, drawn in the house of God, were true; and the result of his observation is thus given. There are honourable exceptions, but as a general rule, 'the Negro Pew' is characteristic of American places of worship.

'While the congregation was assembling, a grey-headed, aristocratic-looking old negro came up into the gallery, walked along "as one having authority," and placed himself in a front pew on the right-hand side of the pulpit. Two black women shortly followed, taking their seats in the same region. Others succeeded, till ultimately there were from forty to fifty of the sable race in that part of the gallery. Not one white was to be seen among the blacks, nor one black among the whites. There, then, was the "Negro Pew!" It was the first time even my West India eyes ever beheld a distinction of colour maintained in the house of God!'—P. 27.

The State Legislature of Louisiana was in session at the time of our author's visit, and he naturally sought an opportunity of witnessing its proceedings. Some of the habits of America are exceedingly repulsive to our countrymen, and Mr. Davies is not, we think, always happy in the tone he refers to them. A friendly hint is more likely to be efficacious in such matters than strong censures and an attempt at banter. Some of our own customs fare but ill in the hands of intelligent foreigners. But waiving this, Mr. Davies tells us, when speaking of the House of Representatives at New Orleans, 'A desk and a spittoon was allowed to each honourable member—the latter article being deemed as necessary as the former. Whether smoking was suffered during the hours of business, or not, I cannot tell, but the room smelt horribly of stale tobacco.' Such a habit, if it prevail, is no doubt offensive to English taste, but we should in fairness remember that the practice was formerly indulged in the English senate. The following sketch of a dinner-party affords an amusing illustration of American social life in one of its least attractive forms.

'I omitted,' says Mr. Davies, 'at the proper time, to describe the scene we witnessed at our "private" lodgings the first day we sat down to dinner. Though it was called a "private" boarding-house, and we had taken the apartments as such, we found ourselves surrounded by about thirty boarders! These were all respectable men, or rather men whom, from their position in society, you would expect to be respectable. Doctors, lieutenants in the army, captains, merchants, editors, clerks of the senate, and so forth, were among them. My wife was the only lady besides the mistress of the house. We were all waiting in an ante-room for the summons to dinner. It came. The door of the dining-room was thrown open; and before you could have said "Jack

Robinson," the whole had rushed through, were seated at table, and sending forth a forest of forks in the direction of the various dishes! I had often heard of this wolfish habit, but thought our cousins were caricatured. Here, however, was the reality. Had I not been an eye-witness, I could not have believed it. Not a single seat had been kept vacant for the only lady who had to be accommodated, and we were both left to console ourselves in the ante-room! The landlady, however, having "an eye to business," arranged for our accommodation at the table. There had been on the table a turkey, a piece of beef, some fish, and pastry—all ready carved. Most of these things had instantly disappeared—the knives and forks had borne them away in triumph. There was no waiting to be served: every one stuck his fork in what he liked best, or what was most within his reach. It was a regular scramble. The principle seemed to be to *begin* to eat as soon as possible, no matter what! Some began with nothing but potatoes, some with a bit of bread, some with a piece of beef, some with a limb of the turkey. Some, I noticed, beginning with fowl, then taking roast beef, then boiled mutton, then fish, and then some pastry,—all on the same plate, and—faugh!—portions of most of them there at the same time! No change of plate—that would have been extravagant, and would have savoured of aristocracy. Freedom, it seemed, allowed every one to help himself; and that with his own knife and fork, which he had before used for all sorts of purposes. Such luxuries as salt-spoons and mustard-spoons are very rare south of the Ohio. My wife asked the lady of the house for a small slice of the ham she had before her, when the latter very politely begged Mrs. Davies to lend her her knife to cut it with! This was good society in New Orleans. Things improved as we advanced towards the North; but in most places, though the Americans provide bountifully, the cooking is not good, and they make a strange jumble of things at table. They have the appearance of a people suddenly raised in the world, and able to afford themselves nice things, but very ignorant and awkward in the use of them. With so much hurry to begin, the time occupied in eating by our company was very short. We Britishers had scarcely begun, when one and another got up from table, finishing his dinner as he walked away. They cannot bear to sit at table a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. While we remained seated, they passed before us on their way out,—one eating, one picking his teeth, one scraping his throat, one spitting on the floor. Of course, we seldom made a hearty meal under such circumstances.'—Pp. 77—79.

Proceeding from New Orleans to Cincinnati, a distance of 1,550 miles, our author tells us he met with a Baptist minister from the State of Maine, a thorough anti-slavery man, who had recently paid a visit to a brother minister in North Carolina. 'At first, whenever the New Englander desired to go into the yard, it was necessary for his reverend brother to accompany him, and introduce him to a number of large dogs; otherwise they would have worried him. These animals were kept to prevent his reverence's slaves from running away, and to hunt them if

they did. And yet, as my travelling companion assured me, this reverend slaveholder gravely and pathetically complained of the reluctance of the slaves to attend family worship !' How could it be otherwise, and how fearful must be the deadening influence of the slave system, to permit such a feeling under such circumstances. The wrong perpetrated by the master must be far more potent to repel from Christianity, than any exhortations he might utter could be to attract towards it. Surely even candour does not require us to believe that *the truth* is not forced on the attention of such parties. They must more than suspect it, though apparent secular interest may prevent their adopting the only course which can meet the requirement of the case. Large sugar estates extend on both sides of the Mississippi, which marred the prospect of this noble river, for 'who,' asks our author, 'can look with pleasure upon the foul abodes of lust, oppression, and cruelty?' Small octagonal buildings were observed on these estates, the purpose of which it was difficult to ascertain. In reply to his inquiries, Mr. Davies was informed that they were pigeon-houses, and such would have been his permanent notion, had not the steam-boat stopped to take in fire-wood. This afforded opportunity for further inquiry, and the truth was at length ascertained. 'The Baptist minister from Maine asked a negro, who was helping to bring wood on board ; and from him he learned the real truth,—that it was a place of punishment and torture for the oppressed slave. We have since ascertained that such buildings are very common, and generally pass under the euphemistic name of "pigeon-houses."'

Amongst the manifold grievances of the African race, it is by no means the least that the burden of proof, in the case of freedom, is thrown upon them. It is not enough that they were born of free parents, or had obtained their liberty by purchase, or other means. They must have legal evidence of their freedom, or in default may be resold into slavery, and sent into the west. In all other cases the accusing party is required to furnish evidence, but not so here. The free negro may be seized at any time, and if legal proofs of his freedom are not forthcoming, the house of bondage again receives him as a hopeless inmate. What a perversion of all justice is involved in such a system, and how fearful must be the crime and misery it engenders. An illustration was suggested to our author by his arrival at Natchez, 'a town beautifully situated on the top of a hill.' We give the case, in the hope of impressing our readers with the diabolical character of the slave system, whatever extenuating pleas may be urged by its apologists :—

'Natchez, also,' says Mr. Davies, 'is a great slave-market ; and I can never think of it without remembering the sufferings of poor Mary

Brown! Let me narrate her painful story. It may waken in some breast a feeling of sympathy for the American slave.

'Mary Brown, a coloured girl, was the daughter of *free* parents in Washington city—the capital of the freest nation under heaven! She lived with her parents till the death of her mother. One day, when she was near the Potomac Bridge, the sheriff overtook her, and told her that she must go with him. She inquired what for? He made no reply, but told her to come along, and took her immediately to a slave-auction. Mary told him she was free; but he contradicted her, and the sale proceeded. The auctioneer soon sold her for 350 dollars to a Mississippi trader. She was first taken to jail; and after a few hours was handcuffed, chained to a *man-slave*, and started in a drove of about forty for New Orleans. Her handcuffs made her wrists swell so much that at night they were obliged to take them off, and put fetters round her ankles. In the morning the handcuffs were again put on. Thus they travelled for two weeks, wading rivers, whipped up all day, and beaten at night if they had not performed the prescribed distance. She frequently waded rivers in her chains, with water up to her waist. The month was October, and the air cold and frosty. After she had travelled thus twelve or fifteen days, her arms and ankles had become so swollen that she felt as if she could go no further. They had no beds, usually sleeping in barns, sometimes out on the naked ground; and such were her misery and pain that she could only lie and cry all night. Still she was driven on for another week; and every time the trader caught her crying he beat her, uttering fearful curses. If he caught her praying, he said he would "give her *hell*." Mary was a member of the Methodist Church in Washington. There were several pious people in the company; and at night, when the driver found them melancholy and disposed to pray, he had a fiddle brought, and made them dance in their chains, whipping them till they complied. Mary at length became so weak that she really could travel on foot no further. Her feeble frame was exhausted, and sank beneath accumulated sufferings. She was seized with a burning fever; and the diabolical trader—not moved with pity, but only fearing he should lose her—placed her for the remainder of the way in a waggon. Arriving at Natchez, they were all offered for sale. Mary, being still sick, begged she might be sold to a kind master. Sometimes she made this request in the hearing of purchasers, but was always insulted for it, and afterwards punished by her cruel master for her presumption. On one occasion he tied her up by the hands so that she could barely touch the floor with her toes. He kept her thus suspended a whole day, whipping her at intervals. In any other country this inhuman beast would have been tried for the greatest crime, short of murder, that man can commit against woman, and transported for life. Poor Mary Brown was at length sold, at 450 dollars, as a house-servant to a wealthy man of Vicksburgh, who compelled her to cohabit with him, and had children by her,—most probably filling up the measure of his iniquity by selling his own flesh.'

—Pp. 93—95.

In sailing up the Mississippi, painful evidence was obtained of

the great extent of the internal slave-trade of America. This is one of the worst features of the system, and glaringly exhibits its monstrous character. With a hypocrisy which should move the indignant contempt of all enlightened men, the African slave-trade is forbidden under professions of philanthropy, while a similar traffic is carried on to a vast extent within the States. At Providence, in Louisiana, 'we observed,' says Mr. Davies, 'on the river's bank, what a man at my elbow (a professor of religion, who had discovered a great propensity to talk about his religious experience before gamblers) coolly designated "a drove of horses, mules, and niggers." Observe the order of his enumeration! Of the "niggers" there were about 100, small and great, young and old, and of both sexes. The whole "drove" were waiting to be shipped for the New Orleans market, and were jealously guarded by several large dogs.'

'Thousands every year are thus brought down the Mississippi,' and the horrors of the Middle Passage scarcely exceed their sufferings. Now all this, it must be remembered, takes place in the midst of the American people, within their very sight and hearing. It is not afar off, it does not occur at the ends of the earth. It challenges their attention everywhere,—on their steam-boats and their railways, in their markets, and on their wharfs. It is announced in the advertisements of their newspapers, and is provided for by the laws of many of their states. And yet they would have us believe that the slave-trade is their abhorrence. We wonder at their temerity, and turn away disgusted at the hollowness of their professions. For very shame they should be silent on this point, for their high-ways teem with the evidence of selfish and brutal indifference to the happiness of the African race.

The pro-slavery feeling of the country was shown at Cincinnati in a manner which some of our readers will deem singular. The circumstance, though trifling, is painfully significant of the extent to which the Church has pandered to the prevalent wickedness. Our author was engaged to preach at a Presbyterian place of worship, and after alluding to a want of decorum, in one of the regulations of the place, he tells us:—

'But in the singing of the hymn, I found something to surprise and offend me even more than the coal-scuttle. The hymn was—

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," &c.

I had selected it myself; but when I got to the second verse, where I had expected to find

"Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see," &c.,

lo! "the Indian" and "the negro" had vanished, and

"Let the dark benighted pagan"

was substituted. A wretched alteration,—as feeble and tautological in effect as it is suspicious in design. The altered reading, I learned, prevails universally in America, except in the *original* version used by the Welsh congregations. Slave-holders, and the abettors of that horrid system which makes it a crime to teach a negro to read the word of God, felt perhaps that they could not devoutly and consistently sing

“Let the Indian, let the negro,” &c.

This church, I heard, was more polluted with a pro-slavery feeling than any other in Cincinnati of the same denomination,—a circumstance which, I believe, had something to do with Dr. Beecher’s resignation of the pastorate.’—Pp. 150, 151.

At Baltimore, Mr. Davies heard an admirable sermon from a Dr. Plummer, to which he says: ‘I listened with almost breathless attention, and was sorry when he had done.’ At the time he was ignorant of the history of this divine, which he subsequently learnt, and which affords melancholy evidence of the defective morality prevalent even amongst the most distinguished ministers of the gospel. Let our readers judge for themselves after perusing the following:—

‘And who was this Dr. Plummer? It was Dr. Plummer late of Richmond, in Virginia. “Richmond,” says Dr. Reed, “is still the great mart of slavery; and the interests of morality and religion suffer from this cause. Several persons of the greatest wealth, and therefore of the greatest consideration in the town, are known slave-dealers; and their influence, in addition to the actual traffic, is of course unfavourable. The sale of slaves is as common, and produces as little sensation, as that of cattle. It occurs in the main street, and before the door of the party who is commissioned to make the sale.” And what was the conduct of this Doctor of Divinity in reference to this state of things? He sanctioned it! He pleaded for it! He lived upon it! He was once actually supported, either wholly or in part, by slave-labour! The church of which he was the pastor was endowed with a number of slaves. These slaves were hired out, and the proceeds were given in the way of stipend to the *Doctor*! Nor is this all. A few years ago the slave-holders of the South were greatly alarmed by the vigorous efforts of the Abolitionists of the North. It was about the time that the Charleston Post-office was plundered by a mob of several thousand people, and all the anti-slavery publications there found were made a bonfire of in the street; and where “the clergy of all denominations attended in a body, lending their sanction to the proceedings, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene.” On that occasion the clergy of the city of Richmond were not less prompt than their brethren of Charleston in responding to the “public sentiment.” They resolved *unanimously*,—

“That we earnestly deprecate the unwarrantable and highly improper interference of the people of any other State with the domestic relations of master and slave.

“That the example of our Lord Jesus Christ and his Apostles, in not interfering with the question of slavery, but uniformly recognising the relations of master and servant, and giving full and affectionate instruction to both, is worthy the imitation of all ministers of the gospel.

“That we will not patronize nor receive any pamphlet or newspaper of the Anti-slavery Societies, and that we will discountenance the circulation of all such papers in the community.

“That the suspicions which have prevailed to a considerable extent against ministers of the gospel and professors of religion in the State of Virginia, as identified with Abolitionists, are *wholly unmerited*; believing, as we do, from extensive acquaintance with our churches and brethren, that they are unanimous in opposing the pernicious schemes of Abolitionists.”

‘After this, are men to be branded as “infidels,” because they say the American churches are the “bulwarks of slavery?”’

‘But what has all this to do with our fine-looking and dignified “Doctor?” I will tell you. When these resolutions were passed, he was from home; but on his return, he lost no time in communicating to the “Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence” his entire concurrence with what had been done,—and here are extracts from his letter:—

“I have carefully watched this matter from its earliest existence; and everything I have seen or heard of its character, both from its patrons and its enemies, has confirmed me beyond repentance in the belief, that, let the character of the Abolitionists be what it may in the sight of the Judge of all the earth, this is the most meddlesome, impudent, reckless, fierce, and wicked excitement I ever saw.

“If Abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but right that they should receive the *first warming at the fire*.

“Let it be proclaimed throughout the nation, that every movement made by the fanatics (so far as it has any effect in the South) does but rivet every fetter of the bondman, and diminish the probability of anything being successfully undertaken for making him either fit for freedom or likely to obtain it. We have the authority of Montesquieu, Burke, and Coleridge, three eminent masters of the science of human nature, that, of all men, slave-holders are the most jealous of their liberties. One of Pennsylvania’s most gifted sons has lately pronounced the South the *cradle of liberty*.

“Lastly. Abolitionists are like infidels, wholly unaddicted to martyrdom for opinion’s sake. Let them understand that *they will be caught [lynched]* if they come among us, and they will take good heed to keep out of our way. There is not one man among them who has any more idea of shedding his blood in the cause, than he has of making war on the Grand Turk.”

‘So much for my splendid D.D., on whose lips I hung with such intense interest. I did not know all this at the time, or I should have felt very differently. As he had but recently left Richmond when I saw him, it is not at all unlikely that those fine clothes he had on were the fruit of the slave’s unrequited toil. He has always, I believe, stood high among his brethren, and one or two excellent tracts of his are published by the American Tract Society.’—Pp. 192—195.

The Catholics, it would seem, are in advance of their Protestant fellow-subjects, in some important points of social morality. Whatever be the feeling of individuals, their public worship does not exhibit the disgraceful prejudice against colour, which is so glaringly witnessed amongst the Protestants. Even in Baltimore, 'a stronghold of slavery,' this honourable distinction was visible. Our author went into the Popish church of that city, and he tells us, 'the black and coloured people were *there* seen intermingled with the whites in the performance of their religious ceremonies.' The children of this generation are truly wiser than the children of light. How long shall this continue? Let the Protestants of America look to it, that the foul reproach be speedily wiped away. At present it is rampant, and shows itself in 'such fantastic tricks as make the angels weep.' Let the following be taken as an illustration. It occurred at New York:—

'The next day I was told, on unquestionable authority, that two or three years ago one of the elders of this gentleman's church, meeting a man from South America whom he took to be a mixture of Spaniard and Indian, requested his company to church. The stranger assented, and sat with him in his pew. He liked the service, became interested, and went again and again. At last it was whispered that he was a "Nigger,"—*i. e.* had a slight mixture of African blood in him. The next week a meeting of the Session was held, at which it was unanimously resolved that the intruder's entrance into the body of the church must be prohibited. Two men were stationed at the door for that purpose. The stranger came. He was stopped, and told that he could not be allowed to enter the body of the church, there being a place up in the gallery for coloured people. The man remonstrated, and said he had been invited to take a seat in Mr. So-and-so's pew. "Yes," they replied, "we are aware of that; but public feeling is against it, and it cannot be allowed." The stranger turned round, burst into tears, and walked home.'—Pp. 225, 226.

The effects of this insane prejudice are frequently more disastrous, as was shown in the case of the Rev. Theodore Sedgwick Wright, a coloured minister of New York, whose funeral our author attended. Dr. Patton delivered the oration at the interment of this estimable man, and in the course of doing so, made the following statement, which needs no comment from us:—

"Our brother had difficulties which other men have not. Two or three years ago he had to trudge about the city, under the *full muzzle* of a July or August sun, to beg money in order to extricate this place from pecuniary difficulties. On one occasion, after walking all the way to the upper part of the city to call upon a gentleman from whom he hoped to receive a donation, he found that he had just left his residence for his office in the city. Our brother, though greatly exhausted, was

compelled to walk the same distance down again ; for—to the shame, the everlasting shame of our city be it spoken—our brother, on account of his colour, could not avail himself of one of the public conveyances. The next week disease laid hold of him, and he never recovered.”

‘What a strong and unexpected testimony against that cruel prejudice ! According to this testimony, Theodore Sedgwick Wright fell a victim to it. But who would have thought that Dr. Patton, who thus denounced the cabmen and ’busmen of New York, had at the very time the “Negro Pew” in his own church !

‘While on this subject, let me tell you another fact respecting poor Mr. Wright. The life of his first wife was sacrificed to this heartless and unmanly feeling. He was travelling with her by steam-boat between New York and Boston. They had to be out all night, and a bitter cold winter’s night it was. Being coloured people, their only accommodation was the “hurricane deck.” Mrs. Wright was delicate. Her husband offered to pay any money, if they would only let her be in the kitchen or the pantry. No,—she was a “nigger,” and could not be admitted. Mr. Wright wrapped her in his own cloak, and placed her against the chimney to try to obtain for her a little warmth. But she took a severe cold, and soon died. *His* colour, it would seem, hastened his own exit to rejoin her in that world where such absurd and inhuman distinctions are unknown.’—Pp. 241, 242.

We should do injustice to Mr. Davies, if we did not briefly advert to the many other points on which his volume furnishes interesting and valuable information. His observation was not limited to the slave-system and its attendant evils, but embraced a much wider sphere, amongst which the case of the Indians, the progress of Popery, and the efficiency of the voluntary principle as a means of supplying the apparatus of religious instruction, occupy a prominent place. Respecting Popery he tells us, ‘I am not so much alarmed at the progress of Popery in America as I was before I visited that country. Its proselytes are exceedingly few. Its supporters consist chiefly of the thousands of Europeans, already Roman Catholic, who flock to the New World. The real *progress* of Popery is greater in Britain than in America.’ Speaking of Cincinnati, with a population of 80,000, Mr. Davies gives a list of sixty-seven places of worship, and then adds :—

‘This number of places of worship, at an average of 600 persons to each, would afford accommodation for nearly two-thirds of what the entire population was at that time; and surely two-thirds of any community is quite as large a proportion as can, under the most favourable circumstances, be expected to attend places of worship at any given time. Behold, then, the strength and efficiency of the voluntary principle ! This young city, with all its wants, is far better furnished with places of worship than the generality of commercial and manufacturing towns in England.’—P. 174.

The same fact is observable in other towns, and the outward observance of the Sunday corresponds with it. Referring to Baltimore, he says: 'It was a beautiful day, and Baltimore seemed to send forth its inhabitants by streetsful to the various churches. In the *Old World*, I never saw anything like it, nor elsewhere in the *New*, except, perhaps, at Boston. All secular engagements seemed to be entirely suspended, and the whole city seemed to enjoy a sabbath.' We are aware of the use which may be made of the slave system of America, by disingenuous opponents of the voluntary principle, nor are we concerned on this account to modify our statements respecting the former. Let the blame rest where it may, the voluntary *system* is clearly free, inasmuch as slavery existed, in all its hideousness and cruelty, long before that system was adopted. It was introduced and patronized, and became the 'domestic institution' of the States, while the Church was the creature of the legislature, dependent for its support and privileges on statute laws. But though the voluntary system may be vindicated, the abettors of slavery, whether ministers or laymen, are deeply criminal. Their spirit is unworthy of their profession, and their conduct utterly abhorrent from the genius and enactments of the gospel of peace. Brighter days, however, are dawning. The truth is making way, and we confidently look—and that, too, at no distant day—for America 'purging her long abused sight' from the scales which have hitherto obscured her vision. May her progress be rapid, that her speedy and effectual repentance may avert the judgments which must otherwise befall her sons!

There are several other topics suggested by this volume, on which we should like to comment, but we refrain. The book is a good book, and we recommend it to all our readers. It should be circulated widely, and will be prized wherever it is known. Some pseudo-liberals will denounce its unsparing reprobation of American criminality as adapted rather to irritate than to convince. We have no sympathy with such mawkishness, nor would we trust the interest of our species to such parties. Let slavery be reprobated in becoming terms, and it will not long continue to be a tolerated theory amongst religious men.

ART. V.—1. *Le Père Duchêne, Gazette de la Révolution; Son 1^{er}. de la nouvelle République.*

2. *Journal des Sans-Culottes.* Par le Citoyen Constant Hilbey.

3. *L'Aimable Faubourier; Journal de la Canaille.*

4. *Les Journaux Borges.* Par M. Girardin. Paris: Giraud et Cie.

5. *Physionomie de la Presse.* Par M. Cheffonier.

6. *Manuscript Catalogue and Portfolio of Mademoiselle de St. ———*

IF we place a prisoner, whose limbs have long been confined by chains, and whose spirits have been oppressed by the heavy atmosphere of a dungeon, suddenly upon a wide and boundless heath, with rich flowers beneath his feet, and the sky overhead, and a balmy wind to fan his cheek and fill his lungs, we must not expect him to act precisely like a man who has lived all his life at large. Drunk with liberty, he may stagger about at first, and play all sorts of strange antics, and pass without transition from impassioned gratitude to frenzied exultation—his actions may neither be rational nor admirable in any respect—but a little time will sober him down, and relieved from the exuberance of delight, he will soon go steadily on his way, lifting up his voice with temperate joy in song. Such is the comparison that suggests itself for the revolutionary periodical literature that sprang into existence in France after the events of February.

For a long period a great portion of human thought had been absolutely repressed in its manifestations. The laws by which journalism was shackled and restrained under Louis Philippe are well known. Their effect had been to modify completely the political style, and to substitute for open frank-hearted declaration a cautious, yet bitter—a temperate, yet effective mode of writing; full of invectives, of hints, of allusions, the force of which was completely lost upon a foreigner, but was perfectly well understood by the readers of the liberal press. The great art of the political scribes consisted in saying the most dangerous things in the most moderate language; and leading articles were often nothing but a series of enigmas, which the initiated only could solve. It is at this stage of its existence that periodical literature tells most powerfully as an instrument of destruction. In England the days are long past when the genteel audacity of a Junius could shake the country to its centre. The liberty of unlicensed printing has at least produced this result. Nothing is more natural. The explanatory common-places must suggest themselves to everybody. When there is no peril there

is less honour; and when honour fails, intellect grows languid. Repressive measures do not stifle thought. They merely turn literary men into conspirators; and the masters of language can always evade the law. When he who holds the pen knows that prosecution, and fine, and imprisonment, are hanging over each line, watching for the slightest slip, so far from allowing the system that threatens him any respite, he pursues it with ardent hatred, with unceasing animosity, takes a pleasure in steering close upon the danger, delights in escaping through the meshes of the very net that is spread to catch him, and, as the object of persecution and injustice, appeals imperatively to the sympathies of all who read. Moreover, the public are always ready to watch the motions and admire the dexterity of a man who is perpetually walking along the edge of a precipice, especially when it is for their advantage, or even for their amusement.

These are some of the reasons why the press was so dangerous an enemy to the throne of Louis Philippe; and they also serve, in part, to explain why, when that throne was cast down, a new tribe of men, who had dwelt until then apart, unknown to the world, having a distinct physical type, and that most hideous, a peculiar costume, language, and manners of their own, suddenly appeared in the public places to follow the profession of walking publishers and living puffs. Nothing could exceed the terror which this brazen-lunged people inspired in the worthy bourgeoisie and their wives. They believed in an immigration of barbarians, and never, for a moment, thought that the strange-looking beings they beheld belonged to that race of people called the Children of Misery, whom society—in the blessed times of peace and order, keeps far removed from decent eyes, in haunts where Poverty degenerates rapidly into Crime, and who had come forth, many of them at least, to endeavour to get their living in an honest way. It was the holiday of human thought. Ideas long pent within men's breasts—and as strange and as uncouth, in some respects, as this new tribe itself appeared to be—were swarming forth; and the mechanical process of circulation gave employment to thousands. The public, moreover, could no longer endure the style of innuendo and insinuation which was persisted in from long habit by the established journals; the necessity of mystery being gone, its form became disgusting. Had the 'National,' the 'Débats,' the 'Constitutionnel,' the 'Siècle,' understood this—had they given a little more liberty to their movements—they might at once have occupied a great portion of the attention which was attracted by the huge flight of strange revolutionary prints that alighted and kept fluttering at the corner of every street, as if some great aviary of periodicals had suddenly been opened.

Naturally, however, the old directors of public opinion could never suffice for the new period. Fifty different parties, or sections of parties, of which the world had never before heard, now appeared upon the scene, each with one or more organs. There were red journals, and white journals, and tri-coloured journals, and rose-coloured and grey journals; journals of the eve of the day and of the morrow; journals for the salon, the shops, the cabarets, the streets, the barriers, the suburbs, the fields; male and female journals; journals of the people, and journals of the bourgeoisie; journals of action and reaction; journals in verse as well as in prose, in good humour as well as in bad, orthodox and atheist, in coats and in blouses, à la Marat and à la Dorat. Three hundred have been counted, and there were, no doubt, others never known beyond the streets or quarters in which they were issued, but which exercised more or less of influence in keeping up the tremendous mental excitement that existed during the four months of the new era—if, indeed, we are not to regard them as one of the chief signs and symptoms thereof.

The facility with which men started a journal at the outset of the revolution was extraordinary. Any one who took it into his head to publish, and who possessed forty or fifty francs, could gratify his desire. Paper and printing were cheap as dirt. There was no necessity for editors, or reporters, or office, or advertisements, or placards. The first number was generally no larger than a hand-bill—a leaf with two or three columns of large type, containing the views of the founder on the state of the country, and a few paragraphs of miscellaneous intelligence. Two or three hundred were struck off and distributed among the professional criers, who went about bawling, ‘Read the Volcano!’ ‘R-r-read the Voice of the Clubs,’ or ‘Robespierre,’ or ‘The Blackguard’s Journal, written,’ according to the street-Stentors who vended it, ‘by blackguards, printed by blackguards, sold by blackguards,’ and, some say, ‘bought by blackguards.’ ‘Buy the Devil’s Journal,’ or ‘Père Duchêne—the veritable Père Duchêne—oh! he is in a terrible rage, the Père Duchêne, this morning—he is furious, he is indignant—r-r-read the terrible rage of the Père Duchêne, against kings; against aristocrats, against the rich—read the Père Duchêne.’ ‘Read the Mère Duchêne,’ would chime in another, ‘she is in a still greater rage, she fulminates, she thunders, she bespatters everybody.’ And ‘Read the Grandson of Père Duchêne,’ or ‘The Rage and Despair of an old Republican,’ or ‘Red Bullets,’ or ‘The Powder Plot,’ or ‘The Public Accuser,’ or ‘The Revolutionary Tribunal,’ or ‘The Pillory,’ or ‘The Week’s Nonsense,’ or ‘The Devil on Two Sticks,’ or ‘The Revolutionary

'Tocsin,' or 'The Guillotine,' or 'The Sanguinary,' or 'The People's Hell and Paradise,' or 'Conflagration,' or 'Thunder,' or 'The Incendiary!'

If the striking nature of the title, or any latent display in the getting up, attracted attention, and a sufficient sale was produced, a second number, a little more carefully prepared, was issued, and so on. A vast array of first numbers, however, testify to the good taste of the public, and, especially, of the lower classes, to which they were believed to be addressed. The great sale of the periodicals of the worst character, was among the bourgeoisie, and among curiosity collectors in general, who could afford to throw away their *sous* for the sake of enjoying the questionable pleasure of reading and preserving abominable rubbish and ribaldry. The working-man could not afford this luxury, and, accordingly, bought publications which entirely advocated extreme views and extraordinary doctrines, but which were expressed in clear and eloquent language. Any one who has lived in Paris will be able to testify to the great sale of what were emphatically called the 'Red Journals,' amongst the middle classes, who used to take them home to their virtuous families, and read them with awe and consternation, as the expression of the views and tendencies of the people who had made the Republic, whereas they were only speculations upon their fears and prejudices, by men who had no political opinions whatever. There were regular manufactories of journals in Paris after the Revolution, and from the same press and office publications of the most various character issued, professing to represent or address a terrible party—red or purple—whereas they were merely addressed to the timid bourgeoisie, who allowed themselves to be cheated of their *sous* and their night's rest at the same time!

However, a great number of genuine organs of new parties did make their appearance during the early days of the Revolution. The journal 'La République' may be said to have sprung from the barricades. Its first number is dated February 26th, and the declaration of principles with which it set out was significant enough: 'Association of all peoples—education for everybody—elective reform—organization of labour—liberty of the press—order—liberty—progress.' With these devices on its shield, it boldly entered the lists as the champion of the shade of Socialism represented by M. Louis Blanc. Its founder, M. Eugène Boreste, is a man of some ability, though not untainted by charlatanism; and has kept up his journal to this day—a remarkable instance of success amidst so many failures.

It is exceedingly difficult to attempt any classification of the immense crowd of new journals produced in the months of March, April, May, and June. They may, however, be generally

divided into reactionary, republican, and revolutionary. The last, to which we are about more especially to direct our attention, were by far the most numerous. They may be subdivided almost to any extent, but all were more or less influenced by Socialist doctrines, though comparatively few adopted exclusively the tenets of any particular sect. The 'Democratique Pacifique' remained the sole organ of the Fourierists, a school which, by the assistance it derived from the method of Ignatius Loyola, by its attempted compromise with all doctrines and all systems, its eclectic theory of government, its hypocritical respect for religion, morals, property, order, justice, reason, was admirably adapted for favouring the work of propagandism amongst the middle classes of society under a corrupt monarchy, but which is totally unsuited to revolutionary times. The more immediately practicable scheme of Louis Blanc—the sweeping conclusions of Proudhon—the poetical fantasies of Cabet—are far better calculated to lead or mislead under the *régime* of free discussion; and, accordingly, we meet with such journals as the following:—

1. 'THE ORGANIZER OF LABOUR.—Vast association, commercial, agricultural, industrious. To each according to his faculties; from each according to his works.'

2. 'SPARTACUS, LIBERATOR OF THE PEOPLE.—Justice, work, independence—Tyrants, disappear! your reign is over!'

3. 'SOCIAL SALVATION, Moniteur of True Commerce, Journal of the Rights of Man, (edited by the Old Man of the Mountain.)—Down with the Political Guillotine! Down with the Guillotine of Hunger!' One of the leading articles of this paper begins: 'People of Paris, in matters of revolution, you are a mere ass! excuse this little compliment; you deserve it!'

4. 'DEMOCRATIC AND OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL WORKSHOPS.'

5. 'ROBESPIERRE: Journal of Social Reform.—The People is sole Sovereign. Its representatives are its clerks. Abolition of the Punishment of Death! Abolition of Misery!'

6. 'THE SOCIAL OBJECT: Journal of Positive Philosophy, and of Means of Transition.' This paper was founded by one Ragnel, whose life would form a curious episode in the History of the Progress of Republican Opinions in France. He fought against Charles X. in 1830; against Louis Philippe in 1832; he was a political prisoner in 1834; he was again condemned in 1841; and he fought in 1848. He was the first who proposed, on the 24th of February, to burn the throne on the Place de la Bastille, before the Republic had been proclaimed.

It would be easy to extend this list to several pages; but the above will be sufficient, as a specimen of the forms under which

Socialism addressed itself to the public whilst perfect freedom of the press prevailed. A glance over the columns of these journals extracts from us the admission that, the objects proposed by the writers were really laudable, and that most of them were actuated by very ardent patriotism. Opinions may be divided as to their capacity, or their prudence, or their good taste ; but there is no reason to confound them, as some, in good or bad faith, have done, with mere anarchists, intent on destroying simply for the love of destruction, or to gain their private ends. Without by any means wishing to exalt the Socialists unduly—good intentions, whatever moral absolution they may give, form a very slight claim to the admiration of mankind when separated from wisdom and power—it is impossible to deny that some of the most amiable of men have enlisted among them ; men whose hearts have bled at the sight of the misery of their fellow-creatures, and who, finding that the ordinary ways of legislation lead only to disappointment, have turned aside to dream a dream of happiness for the human race. If intense thought has made them take their visions for realities, and they prophesy a fulfilment that can never take place, we do not find ourselves called upon to turn the batteries of hatred against them, and rouse them from their innocent reveries by a broadside of calumny and detraction. Besides, it cannot be denied, that if the schemes of organization proposed be not practicable, the Socialists have done much towards directing the attention of the world towards problems which imperatively demand a solution.

One of the least admirable points of the schools of Socialism, is their tendency to disregard the immortal maxim of Pericles, and bring women into the arena of public affairs. An account of the political part played by the ladies since February, would be an interesting document. We can only now advert to their achievements in journalism, which have been rather remarkable. On the 24th of June, whilst the conflict between the Republican Government and the insurgents was raging with fury, a little paper appeared, called 'Women's Politics,' published in the interest of women, by a society of female working people. It began by lamenting that, hitherto, the ladies had been enabled to employ no arms but cunning and dissimulation, but announced that the time was at length come when they could declare themselves with frankness. An extract will give an idea of the style of this production :—

'A GROUP OF WOMEN IN THE COURT OF THE LOUVRE.

'*First Woman.*—When will all this finish ? I have nothing more to pledge ; my husband is without work, my children go bare-foot, I haven't a single sou left.

'*A Lady*.—Go to the National Workshops.

'*An Old Woman*.—My eyes are so weak, that I can only make one shirt in two days. Can one live on six sous a day?

'*Second Woman*.—I am a *revendeuse*; I can't sew.

'*Others*.—I am a washerwoman. I a cook. I a colourist.

'*The Lady*.—If the working people remained quiet, commerce would return, and there would be plenty of work.

'*Third Woman*.—Yes, the masters would profit. They would get work at half price, and make the poor pay the cost of the Revolution.'

The dialogue goes on to describe, forcibly enough, the disastrous dilemma of the working classes—the excess of whose misery prevents them from being the fitting subjects of improvement—and, after the complaint of a young girl, that marriage was no longer possible, reaches the gist of the question:—

'*All*.—*The rogues of bourgeois—they hide their money—they would starve us into submission—but we will make them disgorge.*'

It is a curious circumstance that, in all great national calamities, the popular voice has invariably accused the monied class of aggravating, if not of causing their misery, by withdrawing their capital. The answer has almost always been an admission accompanied by an excuse: 'We are afraid.' The wealthy have certainly, in this last French Revolution, allowed their fears to overmaster them to a ridiculous extent. From Paris, especially, they have scampered away with all the disgrace and disorder of a panic—adding one more testimony to the fact, that the best supporters of society are not those who have what is called 'a stake in the country,' but those who are attached by necessity to the soil. Capital is a timid and migratory thing—an admirable ally in prosperity, but not to be depended on in adverse times. The people perceive this; but do not understand that any attempt to interfere with monied men is like throwing a stone into a flight of sparrows to bring them to a stand. Our lady politicians, no doubt, contributed to increase, in as far as they had any influence, the terror of the bourgeoisie, and to spread the ridiculous habit of retrenchment and parsimony, now become so common in Paris, where a whole class affects to wear seedy coats and napless hats, to discard gloves, and allow their houses and shops to fall to ruin, rather than spend their money, and by so doing, help to do away with the want of work, which causes the state of exasperation that has so long existed.

To continue our notice of the female journals. The next we come to is, 'The Opinion of the Women,' published by the Society of Mutual Education. Citoyennes Desirée Gay and Jeanne Dubois were the editresses of this periodical. They

protest, with great energy, against the Malthusian theories of population, and demand political rights for their sex.

The history of the paper called 'The Voice of Woman' is curious. It was founded by Madame Eugenie Niboyet, formerly an enthusiastic disciple of Saint Simon. Soon after the revolution of February, she called together a meeting of *femmes fortes*, and announced to them that the day of 'female emancipation' had arrived. A resolution to this effect was passed unanimously, and it was determined to bring out a daily journal to remind the world of the fact. On March 20th, the first number appeared, and being taken up pretty warmly by those influential patrons the street-criers, obtained a tolerable sale. This good fortune did not continue, and it became necessary to seek other support. Madame Niboyet determined to start a company, and Olinde Rodrigues, ex-banker of the Saint Simonians, subscribed for four shares. No other enthusiast, however, appeared; and the publication was suspended. But M. Abbé Chatel came to the rescue, and proposed that a club should be opened, the receipts of which should be devoted to the publication of the paper. The idea was carried out; and Madame Niboyet appeared as president, with six respectable-looking old ladies as *vices*. But the lovers of fun took it into their heads to repair to the club as to a theatre; and great uproar and howlings constantly interrupted the proceedings. However, the incomings were sufficient to enable forty-two numbers of the journal to appear. It was not remarkable for any talent, but attracted some attention by proposing Madame George Sand as a candidate for the National Assembly.

The *Bulletins de la République*, most of which were written by her, will always be cited as historical documents. Their ability is incontestable; although some may object to their spirit, and most will question the expediency of their publication. A brief statement of the theory which presided over their composition will form an appropriate introduction to our notice of the revolutionary organs properly so called.

In all times, and in all countries, hitherto, governments have been unable to obtain the enlightened assent of the majority of the people. Every government has been maintained by an interested minority, grouped around magistrates and institutions of their own creating, and disposing arbitrarily of all forces necessary to repress dissatisfaction. There is scarcely any country in which the seat of Government, having, by a bold stroke, been got into the hands of a faction, may not count on the submission of the vast majority, who, having no fixed political opinions, and looking only to their immediate interests, are content with order at any price. How many usurpers, backed by a little army or

band of robbers, have dispossessed sovereigns and founded dynasties! The change of the form of a polity is of course more nominal and less acceptable to those who are governed by habit, than the change of a master; but a monarchical minority having been expelled by a republican minority, the latter inherits the same right to support itself and impose itself on the nation which its predecessors possessed. Ledru Rollin and his *pen*, George Sand, were deeply imbued with this esoteric theory, and they maintained that the Republic must be supported by force until it had acquired, by the very fact of its duration, the acquiescence of the majority. A nation is always somewhat feminine in its affections, and places them on intelligence, united with vigour. Those sincere republicans who gave up the weapons of force and coercion too soon, were very honest and very high-principled, but they forgot that they were leaving the field open to another minority, which would scruple at no means to recover its lost position. In France, the struggle is still between minorities on both sides. The mass has no political opinions; and, being indifferent about principles, has no right to complain if those who are not indifferent take the matter into their own hands. Admitted the absence of a government, and the necessity of establishing one, it is clearly as lawful for the republicans to appeal to force as the monarchists. If both are content to appeal only to reason and argument, well and good; but royalty has, from time immemorial, felt the want of bayonets and cannon for its defence—why should democracies wilfully throw away the advantage of their assistance?

This was the theory which, with more or less violent manifestation, prevailed amongst the publishers of the various revolutionary organs who undertook to work for the good cause. We cannot pretend to give an idea of the character of anything like all the journals of this class; but we will enter into some details about a curious group—the writers of which profess to have inherited the mantle of Hébert (the ‘Père Duchêne,’) against whom Camille Desmoulins directed his tremendous declarations in the ‘Vieux Cordelier.’ There has been a great tendency in the Revolution of 1848, to imitate that of 1789. This perhaps was inevitable, but it is to be regretted in some respects. The names of the Mountain and the Sans-Culottes, of Robespierre, and the Père Duchêne, with more or less of justice, have been associated with ideas of violence and crime. They will always excite terror with the mass of the people, which is a body so opaque, that it takes an age for a ray of light to traverse it. The men and the acts of the present revolution have no manner of resemblance to the men and the acts of the former, and they should have been kept carefully separate. It is true that some

names have been revived with the chivalrous view of rehabilitating their memories, but this task shall be left to history.

Above all things, it was absurd to recall the name of Hébert, which can never be washed clean, and the conjunction of which with any cause must damage it. The 'Père Duchêne' was an infamous print, appealing to the most brutal passions in the coarsest language. Its continuation by no means imitated all the faults of the original, but the choice of the name was sufficient. Thuillier, the editor, was no mere speculator on the vulgar curiosity of the public. He was a violent and enthusiastic democrat, and having helped to produce, joined in the insurrection of June, and is now at Brest. One of the principal writers was killed on the barricades.

The title and introductory article of the modern 'Père Duchêne' were as follows:—

'THE PERE DUCHENE, Gazette of the Revolution, Vigilance, Safety, Independence, Firmness. Year I. of the New Republic.

' Paris, April 10th.

' Citizens, do you know who I am? I am the tribune, whose rage used to burst forth of old in agitated Paris, as the thunder bursts forth in the tempest. My voice, indefatigable in the pursuit of the enemies of the revolution, became one day silent—it was upon the scaffold. In those times, do you see, men died upon the scaffold as soldiers die on the field of battle, for their country! O you, whose blood has fertilized the republican soil, illustrious martyrs, was it not by ascending the steps of that terrible machine that you put the seal to your immortality?

' I have slept fifty-four years the sleep of death. What has startled me in my tomb? Wherefore have my remains gathered together? How comes it that my hand, so long cold and stiff, has torn open the shroud and uplifted the sepulchral stone? How is it that I breathe? Has the last trumpet sounded? No, I have heard the voice of the people, the Marseillaise, the cry a thousand times repeated, of "Long live the Republic!"

' Was not this sufficient to operate the miracle of a resurrection?

' I hasten, O citizens, to behold the regeneration of my glorious country—what do I say?—The regeneration of all the nations of the world!

' But perhaps my name will reawaken the hatreds and maledictions which were the price of the sombre ardour I exhibited of old in defending the sacred cause of the nation—perhaps feeble and timid men may see in my reappearance that of an epoch, the history of which appears to them to be written in letters of blood!

' Fear not—there has been progress—manners have softened—circumstances have changed. I do not come to utter the language of a period which we have all left far in the rear. I execrate, as of yore, kings and courtiers, and false patriots; but the axe has disappeared from amongst the rods of the lictors—the people has cast it away, it pardons its enemies, it will not stain with their blood the white tunic of liberty. Let the will of the people be done!

‘ You see, citizens, I am like other men, accessible to the sentiments of humanity ; but I am called the Père Duchêne, and, on my soul, the sentiments of patriotism will prevail, if need be, over all others.

‘ I do not resemble those effeminate democrats, whose pale theories tend to a new decline. My theories are those of the people. I love to make the pavement ring with the butt end of my musket—in a word, I am a revolutionist !

‘ Therefore, citizens, if you are degenerate, cast aside this journal ; if, on the contrary, you are the worthy sons of your fathers, read it—you will understand me, and we will live, you and I, like friends who have the same tastes, the same desire, the same opinions, and the same will.

‘ Nevertheless I must tell you, my temper has not changed, I am as I used to be, rough, grumbling, and distrustful—very distrustful !’

The old gentleman continued in this strain to denounce what is now called the *république bourgeoise*, which shrinks from pulling down the old edifice of society in order to construct a new one in its place. He demands reform in everything : ‘ in the administration, in the magistracy, in the clergy ; a better distribution of taxation—no more privileges—work—liberty.’ He proclaims his adhesion to the revolutionary theory we have sketched above, by declaring the people competent to displace the National Assembly if it should prove not to be democratic. He announces that the same people who shot all robbers in the first days of the revolution, have a bullet left for those who may attempt to deprive them of the fruits of their victory. One of the most curious pieces in this curious journal, is the letter of Marat from the Shades, informing Duchêne of his marriage with Charlotte Corday, and encouraging him in his fulminations against aristocracy.

On the 18th of May—after what the revolutionists called ‘ the pacific visit of the sovereign to its clerks’—the ‘ Père Duchêne’ observes : ‘ the best republicans are at Vincennes,’ meaning Barbès, Albert, Blanquè, Sovrier, Raspail. This was intended as a warning to Ledru Rollin, who would not consent to encourage useless *émeutes*, and who, if his hands had not been tied, would have found better means to dispose of the ‘ malignants,’ or ‘ reactionists,’ as they are called in France.

The next of this group is the ‘ Mère Duchêne,’ professing to be edited by the widow of the Conventional Hébert, and denouncing, in no measured language, those who had taken the name of her late husband. She brands the ‘ Père Duchêne’ as an aristocrat, and abuses him in abominable slang. We believe this was a mere speculation, and notice it only as one of the worst. ‘ Corbleu ! Morguienn ! Pardié !’ are the figures of speech in which the ‘ Mère Duchêne,’ who confesses a partiality for ‘ *vin à quat sous*,’ habitually indulges.

Another imitator soon appeared, under the title of the 'Grandson of Père Duchêne,' edited by a man named Bohain, who took the title of 'Brutus Boniface Hector Duchêne,' and seemed to have no other object than to abuse his grandfather, whom he calls 'a brute, a barbarian, and a madman, who lived in the streets, and loved to wallow in blood and gore!' The only other thing worth mentioning in the columns of this catch-penny affair, is the following piece of information:—'In the estaminet of Saint-Agnès, rue J. J. Rousseau, 20, there still remains the illustrious and culotted pipe of that indefatigable smoker, citizen Flocon.' It is the custom in France for the *habitués* of certain coffee-houses to hang up their pipes in a little recess made on purpose, and defended by a wire grating. It appears that the well-known member of the Provisional Government frequented the above-mentioned *café*, where his old pipe is, in truth, religiously preserved. Some envious dog, however, has written beneath it, '*The pipe of a traitor!*'

We pass over the 'Perdu Chêne,' and 'L'amér du Chêne,' but have not yet done with this prolific family. Citizen Bordot, as early as the 12th of March, had issued placards to the following effect:—'Père Duchêne, formerly stove-maker (the real profession of Hébert, before he became a pamphleteer). The Père Duchêne is not dead—here he is!' These placards were torn down from the walls; and a member of the Provisional Government invited Bordot to the Hôtel de Ville, and requested him very politely to go home and discontinue his publication. His sentiments were appealed to, the danger of raising terror was represented, and Bordot was prevailed upon to go to the country, where, according to his account, he met with Carlists, Orleanists, Buonapartists, but no republicans. So he returned to Paris.

' "When I reached the Barrière d'Italie," says he, "I called for some wine and cheese at a cabaret, and sat myself down at the door.

' I heard my name pronounced, or rather bellowed, "Père Duchêne!" Involuntarily I turned round, saying, "Present!"

' A man came up and offered me for one sou a paper, which, beast that he was, he called the journal of Père Duchêne. "You lie!" cried I.

' The man seemed inclined to fight me, so, although little patient by nature, I bought myself for a sou, and read myself for a sou.

' So I entered Paris, repeating to myself the same heroical word I uttered when I left it.

' This is too bad!

' I feel inclined to swear all the oaths in the world.

' This is the republic, is it?—precious republic!

' My placards are torn down.

' I am kicked out of doors—I am exiled.

' My name is stolen.

‘Ah, citizen Thuillier, you may be a very good republican—I believe you are, although the thing is rather rare ; but I tell you plainly, *you are a thief!*

‘Ah! you take advantage of my absence to assume my name!

‘What am I to call myself now?

‘Thuillier? that’s no name at all.

‘Whereas the Père Duchêne—do you really know what that name is worth? do you know what it implies?

‘The aristocracy of my young days used to say, *nobility obliges*.

‘Duchêne obliges much more.

‘The Père Duchêne means the friend, the defender of the people, the enemy of aristocrats, of false patriots, of the unjust, of the humble of yesterday and the haughty of to-day—do you know that, citizen Thuillier?

‘The journal of Père Duchêne, means the journal of the people—of the republican people that suffers, and is hungry; that is flattened, and squeezed, and gagged, and cheated; that is insulted and killed if it complains.

‘The journal of Père Duchêne is the history of egoism, of arrogance, of inertia, of stupidity, of infamy, of treason!

‘It is the gibbet of the men of the morrow, who have eaten from all platters, and who come to eat out of that of the people, after having eaten out of that of kings.’

The groups of journals on which we have dilated exerted great influence over the most excitable portion of the Parisian population, and tended greatly to the production of the affairs of May and June. ‘La Commune de Paris,’ however, edited by the famous Sobrier, had most to do with bringing about the first of these deplorable events. Sobrier is a sincere, but extreme republican, beloved by the population of Paris. At the head of his journal we find these words:—‘What is the people? Everything—Let us live working, or die fighting!—Fall in to your ranks!—Continue to maintain the pure Republic!’ Thinking that the government hesitated, and inclined towards reaction, not taking into account the difficulties of their position, and the necessity of some compromise, Sobrier took possession of a large house, at No. 16, Rue de Rivoli. Here he established a kind of barracks, where men mustered guard night and day; and in every number of his paper an announcement was published, in which all revolutionists are invited to communicate with him to take measures against the reaction. By degrees the house of Sobrier became a perfect citadel; and it is pretty well established that in it were concocted plans for giving a more democratic impulse to the government. The demonstration of the 15th of May was intended to be one of them; but an accident—an access of ungovernable excitement in the leaders of the people—a lamentable misunderstanding—led to the violation of the National Assembly, and prepared a complete check for the extreme party.

The whole circumstances of the case evince the absence of any combined plan to disperse the representatives of the people. Sobrier, however, and his companions, went to Vincennes, and the 'Commune de Paris' ceased to appear.

It is useless to allude to any other of the numerous journals of the same species that met with more or less success during the first days of the revolution. Most of the new prints were born in March and died in April; some continued until the events of June; very few beyond. The majority died from want of subscribers; some were stopped forcibly during the state of siege; others, the more moderate and sensible, continue to this day. It is to be regretted that that admirable journal, the 'Peuple Constituant,' edited by Père Lamennais, has been dropped, as a protest against the vexatious system of caution-money, and is not likely to be resumed. The 'Representant du Peuple,' edited by that philosophical demagogue, Proudhon, was also forcibly discontinued; but it has now a successor in the 'Peuple,' a tremendously vigorous organ of extreme democracy, which sells an immense number of copies at one sou a-piece. We do not, however, undertake to give any account of the actual state of the public press in France.

One word before concluding. It is necessary to observe that although some of the genuine organs of political parties we have mentioned—setting aside the mere ribald speculations—do occasionally indulge in violent, even coarse language, adopt an extravagant tone, put forth absurd doctrines, and make dangerous appeals to popular passion, they are immeasurably superior in spirit to what are called the 'reactionary' journals, especially to those which support legitimist opinions. In the columns of these we find the most infamous calumnies against the private lives of political opponents. Nobody is spared—not even the distant relations of the individuals they hate—not even the dead. Human nature never appeared under a more humiliating aspect than in the persons of those who now support in France 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong.' All allusion to political principles is dropped in their publications to make way for a war of ferocious personality. One of the principal organs of the party has adopted the appropriate title of the 'Corsaire;' but it is beaten hollow in fertility of invective and ignoble detraction by the 'Mode.' As to the journal called 'La Presse,' it is perfectly *sui generis*. We should not condescend to mention it if it had not been at one time the great authority in England on the affairs of the French republic. Its reputation is now down at zero; and every party, every group of politicians, shuns its support, and courts its opposition.

The laws which now regulate the French press are far too

severe and restrictive. They cannot be regarded as permanent in any way. Important modifications will no doubt be made in them as soon as the affairs of France become more settled, and the fear of insurrection dies away. No free government can continue to exist unless public opinion is permitted to develop itself in all directions. If erroneous doctrines—intellectual weapons of destruction—are forged in the sombre recesses of misanthropic minds, it is better that they should present themselves for discussion in open day, than be propagated in secret conclave, where mystery and danger continue to enhance their importance. A word whispered into a few anxious ears at midnight, when men meet with bolted doors to brood over political grievances, may shake a state to its foundations; whereas these same words pronounced glibly in open day, or set down in the columns of a journal, may glide over the whole surface of society, and produce no commotion. The press was shackled enough under Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and yet they fell. This result was brought about by the explosion of the ideas they had imprisoned in men's hearts. The political engine-driver cannot screw down the safety-valve without risking 'the dreadful accident' of a revolution.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The Western World; or, Travels in the United States in 1846-1847. Exhibiting them in their latest Development, Social, Political, and Industrial; including a Chapter on California.* By Alex. Mackay, Esq. Three vols. London: Bentley. 1848.
2. *Four Months among the Gold Finders in Alta-California. Being the Diary of an Expedition from San Francisco to the Gold Districts.* By J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M.D. London: Bogue. 1849.
3. *What I saw in California; being the Journal of a Tour by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, the Great Desert Basin, and through California, in the year 1846-1847.* By Edward Bryant. London: Bentley. 1849.
4. *California; its Situation and Resources, from Authentic Documents.* London: Letts, Son, and Steers. 1849.

A FEW hours before sunset, on a stormy evening, in the month of November, 1602, a small fleet, manned by Spanish adventurers, and equipped for the purposes of discovery, sailed into a spacious harbour, at the southern extremity of Alta-California. The

anchors were dropped before night set in, and there, until morning, the explorers remained quietly in their vessels. At daybreak, however, a small party, accompanied by a friar, went on shore. A sandy beach was traversed, and then a grassy flat, dotted with clumps of oak and other trees, and adorned with flowering shrubs. Here a tent was erected, to serve as a place of worship, a well was dug, wood cut down, and a fire kindled for the bivouac. Guards were stationed around to prevent surprise ; and hardly had this precaution been taken, before a large body of naked Indians, armed with bows and arrows, was observed advancing, like a dusky cloud, along the shore. Hostilities were at first anticipated, but by means of presents and conciliatory gestures, the natives were induced to approach on friendly terms. An agreeable intercourse was immediately commenced, and from that hour the influence of Spain was felt in California.

Considerable traffic took place between the fleet and the shore, the natives bartering skins, fur, and other produce of their country, for the bread, trinkets, and rarities of Europe. At length, however, the time arrived for the expedition to depart, and the vessels, one after another, sailed from the harbour of San Diego, on a cruise along the coast, as far as Cape Mendocino. But the success of this enterprise had been so unequivocal, that when accounts of it reached Europe, numerous others were planned, and attempted to be carried out. The good fortune, however, which had attended the early adventurers deserted their successors, and it was not until Don Gaspar de Portala fitted out a powerful expedition, many years later, that another friendly encounter took place at San Diego. The work of conversion then commenced ; the power, as well as the religion, of Spain took root in California ; houses of worship rose at intervals along her shore by the side of military fortresses ; all, indeed, betokened that the conquest, as well as the conversion, of the country was contemplated. The Indian tribes began gradually to bend their necks, at the same time that they submitted their minds, to the foreign yoke ; and Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco, formed so many centres of Spanish influence.

The European settlers were certainly successful in their efforts. The influence exerted by a battery of heavy cannon appeared of more importance than the influence of a new civilization and a new religion. Yet what the country lost in independence, she gained for the time in prosperity. Her dreary and uncultivated plains were converted into immense fields, waving with crops of wheat and Indian corn. Her forests gave place to pasture-lands, whereon thousands of cattle browsed at pleasure. The activity and enterprise of the foreigners produced everywhere a visible, and, in most cases, a beneficial effect ;

but just as the new state of affairs was promising to acquire permanence, a change, no less sudden than decisive, caused a sudden revulsion in the prospects of this magnificent land. The cupidity of the home government, the unprincipled and unrestrained avarice of its hirelings, and the civil discords which broke out among the Californians, alike tended to the same result. The country sunk rapidly towards its normal condition. The downward movement continued until 1836, when the monastic institutions, wealthy and powerful as they had been, saw themselves losing both their riches and their influence. In less than ten years, the dilapidated walls, restricted territories, and shrunken revenues, which formed their sole possessions, showed how rapid had been their fall. The same process was repeated all over the country. The Mexicans were driven out ; the Indian tribes were fast lapsing into the original barbarism of their race ; and the land was gradually reassuming the appearance of a lovely but unproductive wilderness, when a large immigration from America took place.

The influence of the United States had long, unrecognised, been felt in California, when her flag first waved there, in July 1846. When that was accomplished, however, a change at once appeared on the face of affairs. That change we shall presently describe. It may be interesting, however, first to cast a glance at the natural resources of the country, its position, its general aspect, and the state of society which existed there previous to the commencement of the new era, for a new era in Californian history had its birth in the discovery of the golden treasures of the Sacramento. During the two centuries and a half which have elapsed since the first discoverers kindled their bivouac fires in view of San Diego harbour, the country has remained obscure, neglected, almost unknown. The wealth and beauty of the region failed to draw the attention of the world ; but within the last two years the interest of all Christendom has been awakened by the constant succession of reports, which echo among all ranks of society. The shores of California now attract large streams of emigration, which are flowing thither from Europe, America, and China. A busy multitude renders populous the valley of the Sacramento and San Joachim, drawn thither by the universal thirst of gold.

The coast of Upper California extends from Cape Mendocino on the north, as far as the boundary of New Mexico to the south, a distance of seven hundred miles. From the Pacific Ocean to the Anahuac mountains, it stretches with a breadth of eight hundred miles. But with the great interior plain, along whose margin hover the wildest native tribes, we are as little acquainted as with the centre of Australia. It is of the coast section, extend-

ing from near the source of the Sacramento, as far as the city of Angels, and southward to San Diego, that we shall here speak. Of the rest of this vast region, almost nothing is known. It is peopled by wild and primitive tribes, and doubtless presents many curious and valuable features. At present, however, the interest of Europe is concentrated on the magnificent valleys we have named, and which are separated from the interior by a lofty and precipitous range, known as the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Mountains.

The towns of Upper California, commencing with San Diego, lie along the coast at almost regular intervals. The City des los Angeles, Monterey, and San Francisco, are the most important. New Helvetia lies further inland, at the junction of the Sacramento and the Rio des los Americanos. It was at this place that Captain Sutter established himself, previous to the discovery of the golden treasures, now known to be washed down from among the pinnacles of the Sierra Nevada. In those towns we may observe restricted populations engaged, with a certain degree of activity in business, but there is wanting that appearance of haste, bustle, and confusion, which characterises a prosperous or rising community. It may here be well to remind the reader that we now speak of California as it was previous to the gold discoveries, which have produced a total change in the aspect of affairs.

Looking at the country as a picture, we cannot fail to be struck with the diversity and beauty of the features it presents. On the rugged mountain slopes, which rise up on either side of the valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joachim, we find groves and forests of gigantic pines, firs, and cedars, with a dense undergrowth of magnolias, manzanitas, or Californian apples, and hawthorns, sprinkled over which large clusters of flowers, some of them unknown to the naturalist, shine with peculiar brilliancy. Occasionally a wide glade in the wood is covered with the richest greensward, whilst streams, some broad and shallow, others deep, boisterous, and confined within narrow, rocky beds, pursue their course, in all directions, towards the great river below. Descending still further, we find a succession of small valleys and ridges, some of the latter covered with vegetation, others naked, and presenting a bare surface of crumbling stone. Entering the basin of the great valley, whose surface is broken by deep undulations, the eye is pleased by a constant succession of groves, pasture-lands, fields of wheat and Indian corn, rudely cultivated, and vast stretches of land where nature springs into abundance without the aid of man. Level expanses, clothed with soft turf, and dotted with oak, extend in one direction, whilst chains of tiny lakes sparkle along the natural gardens, and at the foot of those sunny vineyards, planted by chance, and brought to maturity by the influence of the warm sky, which abound along

the margin of the Sacramento. The grape-vines, heavy with wild fruit, climb up the steep banks, and mingle their foliage with the leaves of other trees, which support, while overshadowing them. On some of the grassy flats, which once formed the sites of missionary establishments, the traveller in California may observe curious evidences of the former condition of the country. Acres of ground, white with the bones of cattle, slaughtered for their hides and tallow, extend around some of these spots, a singular sight, which recalls to mind the elephant burial-grounds of Serendib.

At various places, however, the prosperity of the missions has not wholly disappeared. San Fernando stands at the head of a fertile plain, where grass lands and immense fields of wheat alternate with vineyards and orchards of orange, lemon, fig, olive, and the blood-red pear, and gardens, where the roses bloom in January. The abundance of water which prevails, proves of incalculable importance to the country, so well adapted as it is for the purposes of husbandry, and often for those of navigation ; it is to be found everywhere, among the mountains, in the valleys, and on the plains. From the diminutive rivulet to the widely-flowing river, we discover it in every shape it can assume, whether of spring, fountain, or lake, so that an industrious and energetic population might cover the whole land with harvests. The abundance of wood is another advantage. Mr. Brooks, when on his journey from San Francisco to the gold districts, observes, that his route lay continually through wide valleys, where level and slope alike were overgrown with the oak and sycamore, among which, vast herds of the elk were gamboling, and in one particular district, the whole landscape was covered with the noblest timber. We have mentioned the flowers, which bloom so plentifully in California. They are as various as they are beautiful. Some of great size, and of a brilliant golden colour, literally spangle the swards ; whilst others, more gaudy and of richer hues, display themselves, as in the forests of the Indian Archipelago, depending in festoons and circlets from the trees.

In the districts where gold abounds most plentifully, we find the country presenting a more uniform appearance ; that is to say, an alternation of flats and ravines, some washed by torrents, others dry and stony. The aspect under which it meets the eye at present is curious to the last degree, and will be described in a later portion of our paper. We shall now turn to an enumeration of the productions, regarded in an agricultural and commercial point of view, of this magnificent and much-favoured land, whose wealth, independently of the mines of precious ore, would appear sufficient to draw thither a population of energetic settlers. It is too often the case, however, that men will neglect

that which promises future, but abundant profits ; and, as in the present instance, it is only when their interest has been awakened, and their cupidity excited by the prospect of actual and immediate gain, that they will turn their attention to the rich gifts which nature has distributed with so lavish a hand over so many portions of the world. If, therefore, the gold discoveries do not lead to results as great as have been anticipated, there will be ample satisfaction in the idea that the resources of Alta-California will no longer lie neglected by the agriculturist and the merchant. We have mentioned the wheat, Indian corn, and cattle, which are so abundant in the country. To them may be added barley, and several other grains, hemp, flax, tobacco, oats and mustard, which flourish spontaneously ; the last two, indeed, to such a degree, that they are looked upon as nuisances on the land. The traveller may ride over thousands of acres, where they rise above his head, and in the rankest profusion. Grasses, of several species, some of them edible and nutritious, cover the country ; and it has been ascertained that cotton, sugar, and rice, need only to be introduced, to thrive in great perfection. The horses and mules of the country are excellent ; there is a species of the former known as the wild horse, a large and powerful animal, to be found in the wild woods and pastures, where, as yet, the smoke of no human habitation ascends. The elk, the black-tailed deer, the antelope, the grisly bear, with the beaver, the otter, cayote, hare, and squirrel, are among the rest of the animal creation ; whilst the bays and indentations of the coast, as well as the rivers and interior lakes, swarm with myriads of wild geese, swans, ducks, and water-fowl. Boat-loads of eggs are obtained in many places by the Indians ; and future adventurers may not deem it imprudent to cast a glance at the vast masses of guano, which might be employed in the further fertilization of the country. The birds of California are limited in variety and number, the pheasant and partridge being the most abundant in the mountain districts.

A word on the minerals, and we shall pass on to the condition of the people. The author whom we have already mentioned states that, although the cultivators and proprietors whose lands contain valuable mineral ore, have ever sought to conceal their existence from the traveller, he has himself seen excellent specimens of quicksilver, silver, lead, and iron ; whilst copper is also said to be abundant. Coal, brimstone, saltpetre, and other mineral substances, are to be found in great plenty ; and it is probable that, as discovery advances, numerous other materials of wealth and commerce will be added to the already full list of Californian products. The gold of the country forms one of its most striking features, and will, therefore, be touched on separately.

The population of this extraordinary region, as it existed previously to the planting of the American standard, may be divided into four classes—the Hispano-Americans, of whom there were eight thousand ; the foreigners, chiefly from the United States, to the amount of five thousand ; the Christianized Indians, twelve thousand in number ; and the wild tribes of the mountains and the interior, of whom no computation can be formed. The Hispano-Americans and the foreigners constitute the population of the towns and those small agricultural settlements scattered at intervals over the country. Among them may be observed that state of society peculiar to communities hovering, as it were, between savage and civilized life. In the towns they are somewhat apathetic, careless of comfort, and ignorant of the benefits which they might derive from industry and application. In the rural districts many of the farmers are intelligent, and fully sensible of the advantages and opportunities of their position. But it is of the Indians, the aboriginal population, that we chiefly propose to speak ; leaving, therefore, the few central points upon which the manners, customs, and ideas of Europe, have mingled with the practices and prejudices of the savage, we enter those wide tracts of land over which the Indian tribes lie scattered. On the banks of the various streams, at the head of the smaller valleys, and amid patches of cultivation, we occasionally meet with the rude native village, composed of a group of conical huts, consisting of a wooden frame thatched with straw, grass, or reeds, and about six feet high. There is a considerable degree of comfort to be observed in many of these simple dwellings, where the Indian, with his wife and children, enjoys life after a fashion of his own. The commonest food satisfies his humble wants ; the hunt and the simple festival are sufficient for his amusement. On the occasion of rejoicing, the tribe gathers together, after nightfall, round a lofty pole, surmounted with a scalp. A chorus, rising from a confused hum, to a species of wild roar, is commenced, when the assembled crowds begin dancing and leaping round the trophy, each endeavouring to surpass the rest in extravagance of gesture. Blazing fires light up the scene ; the dancers now whirl round in its shade, now plunge into the obscurity of the woods. The orgies are often continued until dawn ; the performers excite themselves to frenzy, until, wearied in body and with exhausted spirits, they one by one fall to the ground, and the spot which echoed with their wild mirth, soon witnesses the repose of the whole tribe.

Considerable ingenuity, and a species of industry, may be remarked among this primitive people. Travelling through their woods, we find ladders of peculiar construction placed against the pine-trees for the nut-gatherers. The men are busy with

the collection of the fruit ; the women are employed, some cutting rushes in the valleys and by the river banks ; others manufacturing them into baskets ; others carrying away those baskets as they are filled. Other members of the tribe, again, scatter themselves over the fields, to collect the edible grass and seed ; others engage themselves at the villages, erecting new dwellings, or excavating the earth to form a 'sweathouse,' the most important medical agent in use among them. It consists of a deep hole, roofed with planks, where, with a huge fire kindled in the midst, the Indian lies until a profuse perspiration streams from his body. The hunters, meanwhile, proceed into the woody valleys in search of deer and the hogs which fatten on the acorn harvests. Clothed with roughly dressed skins, and armed with bows and arrows of enormous length, with their highly-rouged cheeks and general wild appearance, they present, when pushing through the forests in search of game, an extremely characteristic spectacle. The food thus obtained, and the grass-seed, and acorn-bread, with the fruit to be found everywhere, forms a sufficient, though not very nourishing sustenance. Yet the Indians appear to enjoy content, and as content constitutes happiness, we might look in vain over many portions of the world's surface before encountering a tribe to whom this world gives so little, and who, nevertheless, enjoy so large a share of felicity.

It must be evident, however, that the Indian tribe, after dwelling on one spot for a considerable period, hunting, collecting fruit, harvesting the acorns, grass-seed, and, in fact, living on the spontaneous gifts of the soil, must, from time to time, shift its locality in order to secure plenty without the labour of cultivation. Accordingly, having availed themselves of the choicest productions of the surrounding land, they depart, abandoning their huts, which are generally erected on, or near, the banks of a stream. The deer again return to their haunts, and congregate about the deserted tenements ; the beaver builds in the river ; the wild-fowl again people its waters, until another tribe arrives, in the course of time, to settle upon the neglected site. Numberless deserted villages, or ranchieras, exist in the interior districts. They are now reduced to mere skeletons of wood-work ; the grass springs up within and around them ; and not unfrequently a whole hamlet is overgrown with the rank and luxuriant vegetation of this region.

Meanwhile the wandering tribe pursues its way through pathless solitudes, occasionally encountering some friendly or hostile community, either established, or also on the march. When the meeting is friendly, nothing particular occurs ; if, however, the tribes happen to be at enmity, it too often occurs that the place

of encounter is reddened with the blood and strewn with the bodies of the Indians. The courage of these men is proverbial, and the coolness with which they suffer death is almost incredible. Mr. Bryant gives the description of the manner in which an Indian, convicted and condemned to die, met his fate. Bound to a tree and confronted by his executioner, he neither trembled, nor betrayed, by any change of colour, the fear of death. A volley was fired ; he sank on his knees ; and another discharge put a period to his life.

Other tribes there are whose wild and primitive modes of life accord well with our ideas of the original savageness of man. There is one, in particular, without dwellings, without regular means of subsistence, and without any fixed place of habitation whatever. Armed with rude weapons, and possessing no wealth save that which consists in the coarse reed baskets, and the few implements used in the collection of seeds, &c., they wander from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley, sitting down to eat their simple repasts by the side of some stream, or under the shade of some tree. The canopy of the forest forms their only roof at night ; and still oftener do they lie down to slumber beneath the open sky. The traveller at the foot of the Sierra Nevada may observe in the night-time, that the summits of the successive stony ridges which form the interval between the mountains and plains are dotted, far and near, with countless bright flames, blazing in hollows, or under the shade of a tree. A red glare streams up through the roof of the forest, and on each of those spots, he may be sure, the wild Indians have lit their bivouac-fires for the night. Dried flesh, a rough kind of bread made from grass-seed and acorns, and roots, constitute their food ; the rivulet, or the clear spring, supplies their only beverage.

Among some tribes, however, we meet with those warlike habits, that endurance of privation and fatigue, that unflinching bravery, characterised, also, by that refined cruelty, to be observed among the savage race of North America. Armed with the unerring rifle and tomahawk of the backwoods, they lead a life partaking of the commercial and warlike character. Feared by the rest of the tribes, formidable even to the European settlers, they journey from place to place, carrying with them their tents of skins, their couches, and their implements of hunting and cooking. So far from choosing the rich pastures of the valleys and plains, and the banks of the rivers, they continually dwell amid the hill ranges, where the vegetation is more scanty and game less abundant. Several tribes, too, of a warlike character, but so savage that they have not been made acquainted with the modern instruments of war, fire-arms and steel weapons, hover about the skirts of that great interior basin, which has

hitherto opposed an impassable barrier to the explorer's advance. One reason of the aridity of this plain may be found in the fact that, on either side of it, separated by a distance of several hundreds of miles, rises a lofty range of mountains, which intercept whatever clouds are carried thitherwards from the sea, thus depriving the region of the usual means of fertility. Naked and barren, however, as some portions of this singular tract of land may be, it is known that in others there exist beautiful streams and lakes, whose waters diffuse themselves through the surrounding earth, and create little oases in that arid desert ; green islets which make up, in their abundance and beauty, for the sterility which prevails around.

Future travellers may lay before us interesting and valuable details connected with the aboriginal population of California. As yet, however, our means of information are extremely circumscribed. We possess, indeed, scarcely any knowledge concerning the wild races of the interior ; and if we have been put in possession of more copious details with reference to the Christianized Indians, still no complete account of their manners, customs, and modes of life, exists. Indeed, the interest lately awakened has been as sudden as it has been wide-spread, and time has not yet been allowed for the diffusion of correct and complete knowledge. We may look, in a short time, for the publication of new works, more ample in detail, and more full of information, than those which have already appeared. We have placed at the head of these observations, three which possess more than usual claims upon the public attention : the first from the value and completeness of the information conveyed, with regard not only to California, but also to the whole system of civilization, the wealth and the prospects of the United States ; the second, from the interest and originality of its details ; and the third, from the extraordinary nature of the narrative. To these we have added a pamphlet, from an anonymous pen, which may be regarded as a brief compendium of knowledge, as it now exists, on this new subject of speculation.

The change to which we have alluded, as appearing on the face of Californian affairs, immediately upon the hoisting of the American flag in July, 1846, is among the most extraordinary on record. Before that event the country was languishing in sloth and inactivity. Its inhabitants were either too poor, too ignorant, or too deficient in energy, to call forth the natural riches of the soil. Lands capable of yielding the most magnificent harvests lay neglected, or produced only sufficient wheat and other grain to supply the daily wants of the people. Gardens which needed but the touch of cultivation to spring into abundance, were only taxed to grow a few beans, pumpkins, and

melons. Thousands of milch cows cropped the herbage, at times so rank that it became unwholesome, and yet the inhabitants chose rather to live in idleness, without consuming milk, butter, or cheese. The vast herds of cattle which wandered from pasture to pasture, were slaughtered without discretion for their hides and tallow, for with these the necessities of life could be obtained without labour. Their flesh was partly consumed, and partly left to decay upon the ground, which is whitened for acres by their bones. Deserted villages became of more frequent occurrence in the rural districts. The savage tribes encroached further every day upon the newly conquered domains of civilization, which was, indeed, threatened with total expulsion. The towns seemed to deteriorate rather than to increase in prosperity, and, altogether, the whole country appeared to be receding into the gloom of that barbarism from which it had but a few ages since been reclaimed.

As soon, however, as the flag of the United States fluttered in California, and attested the presence of the infant power of the West, a change immediately took place, confidence was inspired, industry received an impulse. Crowds thronged down upon those fertile valleys which had for many years been neglected. Prosperity appeared to approach by rapid strides; villages sprung up, as though by magic, in various parts of the country; the sound of the axe was heard in the forest; the anvil clattered among the ravines; the hammer rattled in the workshops. The mighty harbour of San Francisco—one of the noblest in the world—was furrowed by the keels of an increasing commerce. The sites of new towns were prepared; old communities revived; and San Francisco itself, which we may take as a type of the other towns, as Monterey, New Helvetia, and the City of Angels, from a village containing some two hundred inhabitants, grew, within a comparatively few months, to be a thriving little town, with a population of twelve hundred. So sudden was the revulsion of feeling in the country, that the people who had before slumbered in utter idleness and apathy, now laboured so perseveringly, and with so much heart, to recover lost ground, that they forgot, as Captain Folsom expresses it, to divide the Sunday from the rest of the week. Clearly, California was on the highway to prosperity and commercial importance.

But another, and a still more extraordinary, change was at hand. Whilst employed in constructing a water-mill, on the south branch of a river, known as the American Fork, a Mr. Marshall discovered, in a deposit of mud thrown up by the stream, some glittering particles, which proved to be gold. Pieces of considerable size were collected. Captain Sutter, the owner of the

land, immediately turned his attention to the subject. From that moment New Helvetia became a centre towards which the stream of population began to flow. Reports of a marvellous nature were carried from the country to England, and especially to America. They met with doubtful credence, until the public eye was convinced by the large quantities of the precious metallic dust, grains, and lumps, which appeared in the market. A magical effect was produced, and the tide of emigration began to set with daily increasing volume towards California.

Along the coast of that country itself, where, in numerous cities and towns, trade had just been awakened from its torpor, the discovery produced the most extraordinary results. Communities and villages, nay, even whole districts, were soon left without male population. Professional men, artizans, soldiers, sailors, and beggars, crowded to the scene of the gold discoveries, where every fresh arrival proved the means of making fresh discoveries. The rising crops were lost for lack of harvesters. Vessels swung idly at their anchors, deserted by their crews, and military establishments remained defenceless, abandoned by their garrisons ; authority died out, and moral force only was felt in the land. The value of labour, and of every article of necessity, rose to an unparalleled height ; and the men who, before the discovery of the gold region, had often found their toil unrewarded by a sufficiency of food, now sold their labour for large sums in gold.

Meanwhile, the valley of the Sacramento was made populous by the influx of adventurers. A city of tents sprang up in all directions. Encampments thickened along the banks of the river ; the bivouac fires of the gold-seekers blazed in every hollow and on every hill ; waggons and teams poured in from the coast ; the clusters of Indian villages emitted their inhabitants to swell the army of delvers, which now toils from end to end of the gold regions of the Sacramento. The Mormon saints came crowding from the hills ; ripening harvests were left to rot, or be trampled down by the beasts ; whilst the manufacture of sieves, scrapers, and cradles, was the only species of industry pursued, if we except the industry of the spade, pickaxe, and washing-machine. Nothing can be imagined more irregular than the spectacle presented by the hills, valleys, and slopes. Countless tents of white canvass shining in the sun, and scattered irregularly over the face of the country, contrast strongly with numerous huts of sombre colour, which, constructed of rushes and branches, and stored with rude implements, constitute the only shelter of many who are rich in gold, but can scarcely obtain sufficient food to support life. Roughly built stores alternate here and there, whilst too many of the newly formed population are constrained to seek caverns in the ravines, or be

content with the bare roof of heaven. Indians and Europeans toil there in company, in the streams, in dry chasms, and among the caves. Further inland, among the lower ridges of the Sierra Nevada, the trappers, and poor Indian wanderers, who would never, in all probability, have discovered the wealth of their native region, had it not been pointed out to them, infected by the general fever, throng to the spot where the metal is to be obtained. Some pieces of extraordinary size have been discovered, chiefly in the upper districts, those of the valleys consisting principally of fine but purer dust.

In proportion as the gold-washer approaches the mountain, the greater is the danger experienced. On the banks of the Sacramento, indeed, a species of moral law appears to prevail, and few are the instances of outrage or robbery related. In the wilder districts, Mr. Brooks, whilst journeying with a few companions in search of the dearly-prized metal, came into frequent collision with the natives, and in more than one instance, a ball from his rifle laid an Indian enemy dead. Some frightful scenes are described by this author as having occurred in the hilly region ; but we cannot allow ourselves to follow him through his adventurous experience in California. Our limits are already exhausted ; and imperfect as our sketch has necessarily been, we must conclude it. Nor can we do this better than by again directing attention to the merits of the publications which are placed at the head of the present article.

We have already said that the chief value of Mr. Mackay's work consists in the abundance and completeness of the details with which it presents us of the civilization and progress of America. The chapter on California is brief, but satisfactory ; the chief fault perceivable throughout the volume being the partiality by which our author is influenced in all his speculations on the society, the manners, and the institutions of the United States. This is a common error. It seems almost impossible to study a subject intensely without being enamoured of it—a remark fully borne out by Mr. Mackay's work, which is otherwise as complete and interesting as we could wish.

Mr. Tyrwhitt Brooks's volume sketches, in a lively and agreeable manner, the state of California, as it appears under the influence of the gold mania. The narrative, which is interspersed with sufficient of anecdote and incident to render it extremely entertaining, leads us from San Francisco to Monterey, thence into the valley and along the banks of the Sacramento, to Captain Sutter's Fort, among the mines and amid the gold-seeking population of that curious district. Hence we accompany our author through the vast encampments, whose tents now dot the valley, until he reaches the spot where his labours commence.

The process of gold-washing and collecting is described ; and we are interested in the account of Indian manners and characteristics. Mr. Brooks then starts for the wilder regions about the Bear River, discovering new mines, encountering the most extraordinary adventures, and, in a word, plunging into the midst of a savage, but romantic people, whose modes of life are as curious as they are barbarous.

To those who delight in narratives of wild adventure, in the description of magnificent regions, and in the portraiture of the most extraordinary state of society, conveyed in forcible and well-chosen language, we recommend the work from the pen of the late Alcalde of San Francisco, Edwin Bryant. The general verdict of approbation which has been given in favour of these volumes, is a just criterion of their merits. Indeed, as a narrative of travel, in which the interest centres entirely in the author's relation, we consider this to be among the most extraordinary books ever published. The three works we have spoken of, will together form an excellent introduction to that knowledge of California, the newly-discovered gold region of the far West, which we trust will speedily be placed within our reach. At present information is limited. The subject is, however, new, and promises to increase in interest.

There are some readers who have neither the inclination nor the leisure to peruse the large works published on California, but who yet wish to acquire an idea of the country towards which so large a share of the public attention is now turned. To such, the pamphlet we have mentioned will prove of considerable value. It is an excellent abridged account of the position, resources, and present condition of Alta-California, the modern El-Dorado, whose golden treasures are acting like the loadstone rock of the Arabian Nights, and drawing thither, from all points of the civilized world, a flood of emigration, which otherwise would perhaps never have been set in motion.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English Language.* By the Rev. Matthew Harrison. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1848.
2. *The English Language.* By R. G. Latham, M.D. 8vo. London: Taylor and Walton. Second Edition. 1848.
3. *The Anglo-Saxon* (to be published Quarterly). 8vo. London: Longman and Co. Second Edition. 1849.
4. *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature.* Two Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Chambers. 1848.

THE earnest discussions, frequent of late in many forms, respecting the various races of mankind, must have a good result. They subject to a sober judgment, the vague and false notions which prevail on the subject. On no branch of the general question have such discussions been more frequent, than in regard to the peculiarities and origin of languages; and, whenever attention shall be generally and steadily directed to them, it is to be expected that the same process will take place in the public mind, which ensures a correct view of all great topics. Every dialect, and even the pronunciation of words, will be carefully collected, and critically weighed, so that philological science, instead of resting on loose conjectures, and ebbing and flowing with the caprice of fashion and the fluctuations of taste, will acquire the stability of a rational system.

So, upon questions of human policy and sound philanthropy, where the interests of different *races* are concerned, a sober and diligent examination of facts will relieve civilized nations from the reproach of unceasingly oppressing the barbarians around them, when higher intelligence would enable them, without conflicts, to reconcile the uncivilized to their superiority. So, also, in the more immediate questions between different branches of the human family long removed from barbarism, such as those between Celt and Saxon—(Highland Scotch, or Irish, with English)—a correct view of the original relations of our respective languages, and of our common parentage, so far as it goes, as well as of our common humanity, will serve to promote our peaceful and contented union.

Indeed, there is a striking connexion between such political and philanthropic questions, and those of language and literature. But much must be done before even the elements of these questions can be said to be fitly prepared for the settlement of

the numerous *issues* into which they are divisible. As the progress of philological science has led to the perception of widely-spread elements of speech which formed the single means of oral intercourse among the earliest generations of men, so a fair review of history, and of customs which often stand in the place of history, will show, that tribes, the most various in locality, in personal appearance, and in degrees of barbarism or advancement, as well as in comparative strength or weakness, when equally advanced in civilization, possess common sympathies, and absolutely identical qualities of mind. The true moral anatomist, therefore, is he who studies the spirit of man, not his body alone; the best statesman, he who consults what all men are capable of, not what they actually are; the wisest philanthropist, he who would protect the oppressed race through the influence of political justice, and who civilizes the barbarous by means approved by ordinary experience; whilst all are bound to unite in putting down every claim of domination, and every pretence of right to rule others as the way to improve them.

These general considerations do not seem to have been duly reflected on by the authors of the works whose titles are prefixed to this article. Their object, therefore, is not only to eulogize the English language, but also to honour the English people as a superior race. It must be admitted, that they only hold this opinion in favour of the pure Anglo-Saxons, with whom *British* blood has no common inheritance. At the same time, there is plainly a radical vice in their position. The soundness of their judgment depends on historical evidence which they have assumed, rather than produced; and their views, therefore, require careful re-examination on strict historical grounds. Indeed, these works themselves contain internal proof of their composition having modified the convictions with which they were commenced. The progress made within a few years in philology, and especially in regard to the true character of the European languages, has greatly influenced the reasoning of the writers before us.

‘Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.’

Although Mr. Harrison's theory represents the English language as almost exclusively Anglo-Saxon in source and substance—although he expressly asserts, that ‘*English has very little, if any affinity with the Celtic, it being Gothic, perfected on the Roman and Grecian models;*’ nevertheless, in the chapter upon the names of places, he correctly specifies, at least, one word as British; and of the remaining forty-eight, to which he would give a northern parentage, half, certainly, belong to the Celtic, and are still traceable from the north of Scotland to be-

yond the Pyrenees. The utility of such a glossary will be readily inferred, from a suggestion to be quoted presently from Mr. Kemble's 'Anglo-Saxon Codex,' in recommendation of a complete one for Celtic words; and Mr. Harrison will agree with us, that this chapter of his book is precisely that which he will be called upon, in a future edition, to correct, and enlarge with the numerous Celtic roots still used. It is to words only, and the *pronunciation* of words, of the importance of which latter Mr. Harrison is aware, that these remarks are limited, without touching on the other characteristics of Celtic.

Again, the second edition of Dr. Latham's able work is already far less absolutely *anti-Celtic* than the first edition was. 'In 1840' (the year before the appearance of the volume), he says, 'So little had been done by Englishmen for the English language, that in acknowledging great obligations to foreign scholars, I was only able to speak to what might be done by my own countrymen. Since then, however, there has been a good beginning of what is likely to be done well.' (Preface, p. xiii.) He then refers, with marked respect, to the works of Kemble, Garnett, and Guest, on the Anglo-Saxon and *Celtic* languages; and exhibits the success of their labours, by suppressing, in 1848, the strong terms in which, in 1840, he had undervalued the *Celtic* elements of the present English language.*

Again, 'The Anglo-Saxon,' an important new quarterly journal, devoted to the interests of our *race*, is written under the same modified state of feeling. It would be exclusively Anglo-Saxon, but the force of truth checks that error. It appeals to *British* sympathies at the very moment that it enthusiastically asserts *Anglo-Saxon* supremacy; and the fine song upon 'the past, the present, and the future,' of our countrymen here, and in the United States, will be found, in all respects, as readable with the substituted words, *Britannia* and *Britain*, as with the author's petted *England*, which he incorrectly makes synonymous with the '*British isles*, and *their thirty millions of Anglo-Saxon people*,' his boasted 'conquerors and autocrats.'

The deservedly popular and complete selection of earliest and latest English writing by Messrs. Chambers, sets out with a curious illustration of this error of race; and of the way in which *newly discussed*, if not new facts respecting the original components of the English language, are now correcting that error in the literary world. 'The Celtic,' say Messrs. Chambers, 'which had been the language of the aboriginal people of Britain, shrank from the Anglo-Saxon into Wales, Cornwall, and other remote parts of the island, as the Indian *tongues* are

* Compare p. 29 of the first edition, with p. 53 of the second edition, of Dr. Latham's English Language.

now retiring before the advance of the British settlers in North America. From its first establishment, the Anglo-Saxon tongue experienced little change for five centuries, the chief accessions which it received, being Latin terms *introduced by Christian missionaries.*”

To this unqualified assertion there is appended a note, which, like some postscripts, singularly contradicts the purport of what precedes. ‘It is now believed,’ say Messrs. Chambers, in this note, ‘that the British language was not so entirely extinguished by the Saxons, as was generally stated by our historians down to the *last age.*’ It should have been expressed ‘by *some* of our historians of the last two centuries;’ and, unluckily, an additional sentence too much weakens this disavowal of the hasty text. ‘But certainly,’ it is said, ‘it is true in the main, that the Saxon succeeded the British language in all parts of England, *except Wales and Cornwall, and some other districts of less note;*’ to which pretty large exception, must, of course, be added Ireland, a great part of Scotland, and the Channel Islands.

A poet has told this story better than the pedagogues. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, glancing at the common eastward origin of Welsh Celts and Anglo-Saxons, makes the prophetic Merlin give to both a common mission in future days, when the *Harolds, types of the strong Saxon soul, supple to truth, untameable by force, should unite with the Arthurs, and become Ocean Cæsars in either zone.* The address of Merlin is worth the special study of those who would raise the sixteen millions of pure and mixed *Anglo-Saxons* of the British Islands, *above the ten* of pure and mixed Celts, at this moment inhabiting the United Kingdom.†

Merlin to the Armies of Arthur and Crida, after the Defeat of the Anglo-Saxons by the Britons.

CLXXXIX.

‘Hearken, ye Scythia’s and Cimmeria’s sons,
Whose sires by golden rivers dwelt,
When sate the Asas on their hunter thrones;
When Orient vales rejoiced the shepherd Celt;
While Eve’s young races towards each other drawn,
Roved lingering round the Eden gates of dawn.

CXC.

Still the one brother-bond in these new homes,
After long wars, shall bind your kindred races;

* Cyclopædia of English Literature, p. 1.

† This estimate is adopted from Dr. Kombst’s distribution of races in the British Isles, as quoted in Mr. Blackwell’s remarks on Bishop Percy’s preface to Mallet’s Northern Antiquities. — Bohn’s Antiquarian Library, 1847, p. 37.

Here, the same God shall find the sacred domes ;
 And the same land-marks bound your resting places ;
What time, o'er realms to Heus and Thor unknown,
Both Celt and Saxon rear their common throne.'

King Arthur, b. xii.

'This prediction refers to the marriage of the daughter of Griffith ap Llewellyn (Prince of Gwynedd, or North Wales), with Fleance. The name and fate of the Prince of Gwynedd, are not unfamiliar to those who have read the romance of Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. From that marriage descended the Stuarts, and, indeed, the reigning family of Great Britain.* The people of the two races must have extensively formed similar connexions, for the most ferocious conquerors are exterminators only in rare instances, being especially disposed to spare the conquered when they furnish their new masters with slaves. The migrators from the subdued country would, for the most part, be limited to the braver spirits, and to the leaders of the conquered. It has been observed, too, that Wales and Cornwall *could not* have furnished subsistence to the population of Britain, if it had retired in mass before the Saxons ; and unquestionably the multitudes, who, for various reasons, must have remained, would not adopt at once the invaders' language, or ever entirely lose their own. A curious proof that the Anglo-Saxon did not, in fact, become the *exclusive* mother tongue of their new homes, is to be found in Bede. The venerable father of so much of our learning and history says distinctly, that Latin remained after the Romans had abandoned Britain ; on which Mr. Macaulay must rub up his old reading.†

But an unexpected authority, of the greatest weight, may be produced on this point—that of Mr. Kemble. In the 'Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici,' which, with his two volumes just published, crowns his well-earned reputation as an Anglo-Saxon scholar, he declares that a large number of words in genuine documents are not to be found in the Anglo-Saxon lexicons. Those words, he adds, are really and truly Welsh or British. The fact seems to have taken Mr. Kemble by surprise. He has accordingly framed a glossary of such words at some length, and declares a complete glossary to be important enough to demand the intervention of government, so widely spread are its materials, and so extensive an influence have those materials had upon the history of the English language. With much modesty, Mr. Kemble adds, that he is himself ignorant of Celtic ; but he takes care to vouch indisputable testimony in support of his judgment on this long-contested question. Strong proof that the

* Note in the Poem, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

† Macaulay's History, vol. i. p. 4.

English language is more British than is commonly supposed, will be found in the preface to the third volume of the 'Codex.'

In fact, the opinion adopted so peremptorily at first by these four writers, that the English language is pure Anglo-Saxon, as contradistinguished from British, has been disputed for ages. Not to allude to the earlier Celtic controversy, dealt with so severely by Bishop Percy, it must not be forgotten that Camden strongly favoured British philological claims, and that the two Lloyds advocated them with the honest warmth of Welsh men. In the long catalogue of authors who have shared the convictions of the father of our antiquarian lore, some may have weakened a good cause by extravagances. Dr. Parsons, for example, who certainly anticipated many years much of the profound inquiries of the German orientalists, and who showed irresistibly that some of the sources of the English language are to be sought in the East, unluckily held that a biblical parentage could be made out for the Irish and Welsh, as Gomerians and Magogians. But his early education in Ireland, and intimate knowledge of Welsh, gave him advantages which he turned to good account. His residence as a medical student in Paris procured him facilities of becoming acquainted with many other languages, so that his 'Remains of Japheth' still offers matter to elucidate the questions before us.

An undeniable test of the pure Anglo-Saxon (*i. e.* Teutonic), character of the English language, as opposed to its having *materially* a Celtic, or British character, has been thought to be found in the composition of the Lord's Prayer. Hickes, in his 'Thesaurus,'* says, that three only of its fifty-eight words are Norman-French, the rest being Anglo-Saxon, or Teutonic, not British, or Celtic; and in the new periodical before us, the 'Anglo-Saxon,' this statement is adopted as correct. So in the distribution of the 60,000 English words proposed by Dr. Latham, '*for illustration's sake only*,' the proportions chosen by him reduce the British roots to an infinitely smaller amount. According to his scheme, our Anglo-Saxon words are 50,000 in number; the Anglo-Norman, 5,000; the Celtic, *one hundred*; the Latin of the first, second, and third periods, ten, twenty, and thirty; the Scandinavian, fifty; and the rest miscellaneous.†

Now if it were true that the Lord's Prayer has really only Teutonic roots, except the *three* Norman-French words, it would be impossible to deny the almost exclusively Anglo-Saxon character of the modern English language, as distinguished from its Celtic character. The fact is certainly otherwise, as is shown

* Folio, 1705, p. vi. Preface.

† The English Language, by Dr. Latham, 2nd ed. p. 61.

by two leading words only of the Lord's Prayer, *heaven* and *will*; of which the former has a far stronger analogy with the Celtic than with the Teutonic; and the latter is not more Teutonic than it is Celtic. The conclusion is therefore irresistible, that the English language derived the word *heaven* from the Celtic, to the exclusion of Teutonic; and that both the English and Teutonic derived the word *will* from the Celtic, to which both are largely indebted. This seems to be clear upon a careful weighing of those two important words in the several versions, English, Celtic, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon.

Thus the English of the nineteenth century: 'Thy *will* be done on earth as it is in heaven;'—of the sixteenth, 'Thy *will* be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in *heaven*;'—and of the thirteenth, 'Be the *will* do as in hevene, and in erthe.'

The Welsh Celtic is, 'Gwneler dy *ewyllys* megis yn y nef, ar y ddaear *hefyd*;' the Armorican, or French Celtic, is, 'Ho volonté (will) bezet gret en duar, evel en *eon*;' and the Irish Celtic, 'Do dheautar do *thoil* (will) aer an halamh, mar a ta air *neamh*;' the last word, *neamh* (heaven), being pronounced 'near'—a common transposition for *eavn*.

The German Teutonic of the nineteenth century, is, 'Dein *wille* geschehe, wie in himmel, also auch auf erden;' of the thirteenth, 'Din *wile* gekehe in erde alz hūmele;' A.D. 720, it is, 'Werde *wille* din, so in *himile*, sosa in erda.' The Dutch Teutonic is, 'Uw *wil* geschiede, gelyk in den *hemel*, alzoo ook op de aarde;' the Frisic Teutonic is, 'Walle schien ofh da eerde, allick as ohn da *himmel*.'

The poetical paraphrase extracted by Hickes, from the old German manuscript, the 'Liber Canuti,' (Cotton MSS. Caligula, A. vii. 1,) is—'Werthe thin *willeo*, obar thesa werold. Alla so samo an erdu, so thar upp ist an them hohon *himilo* rikie.' (Hickes, 'Thesaurus,' i. p. 190.)

But the Anglo-Saxon is, 'Geworda thin *willa* on eorthan, swa swa on *heofenum*.' That is to say, we repeat, the Anglo-Saxon, or our actual *heaven*, did not come from the Teutonic *himmel*, but from the Celtic *eon*, *eavn*, and *hefyd*, to which the Scandinavian and Icelandic *himenn*, cælum (Hickes, p. 80), and *hef*, to elevate (*ib.* 79), are analogous; and it is probably one of the numerous adoptions of the British tongue by the Saxon invaders.

This is but a meagre illustration of a vast subject, well worth prosecuting in its details, and according to Mr. Kemble's suggestion, of an authoritative inquiry into the real parentage and extent of the Celtic portions of our language. His modest disavowal of any knowledge of Celtic is refuted by the valuable Glossary of Celtic words now in use among us, which is inserted

in his Preface ; and it is an interesting fact, that substantially the same suggestion was made by Du Cange, a century ago. 'It is to be wished,' he says, in the Preface to his Glossary of the Middle Age Latin (p. 23), 'that in all nations learned men should be appointed to trace and record the idioms, the precise meaning, and the origin of their respective languages. They should investigate, and explain to a nicety, words little used, or obsolete. This would remove many difficulties, which vocabularies, as hitherto constructed, do not much help us in, because their compilers seldom go to original sources, of which, indeed, they probably are ignorant.'

To the high authorities of Du Cange and Kemble is to be added the still greater weight of public opinion, as declared by one who has surpassed all others of our countrymen in bringing it to its present point on the whole subject. This is the late Dr. Prichard, taken off in the ripeness certainly of his well-earned fame, but too soon for the cause of the kindred sciences, ethnology and philology, of which he was so illustrious a teacher and ornament. In his address last year to the Ethnological Society, he set forth, with clearness and great force, the rapid progress now making in these inquiries by numerous associations in different countries, and the attention paid to them by different governments. He marked well, 'as *one of the last great facts in ethnology*,' the proof established by the learned Finn, Kellgren, that the structure of the most ancient pagan *Runot*, or sacred hymns, connects by a fresh link the language of the extreme north of Europe with the Tartar, and Hungarian, or Magyar. Dr. Prichard crushes, with irresistible argument and science, the common exaggerations about the influence of *race* in the progress of mankind, which just now threatens to be more mischievous than the prejudice of colour. He has most ably opened the question of race in its bearing on the Irish language; and it may be expected that the labours of the new colleges in Ireland will bring that question to a satisfactory issue by the pure and calm light of philological science. If no other good come of the appointment of the new *Irish* professorships, than the settlement of this question, the cost of those colleges ought to be cheerfully borne.

There is a better prospect before the world than that of an unceasing recurrence of wars springing from individual and national ambition. To prepare its coming, truth of all kinds must be studied, and errors of all kinds sifted and repudiated. The pseudodoxy of our pure *Anglo-Saxonism* seems to be a very grave specimen of such errors, and to be peculiarly obnoxious in its probable effect in Ireland, and on the continent.

ART. VIII.—*The Pulpit and the People; or, an Inquiry into the Cause of the Present Failure of Christian Agency.* By Peter Rylands. 12mo. Pp. 118. London: Ward and Co.

WE owe Mr. Rylands an apology for having so long delayed to notice his volume. It would be useless to specify the cause of the delay; we are, therefore, content to remark, that it has not arisen from indifference to his object, or from a low appreciation of the motives which induced him to undertake it. One advantage has resulted from it. We have had an opportunity of noting the reception given to his labours by a portion of the religious press, and are anxious at once to state that we have no sympathy with it. Mr. Rylands may be right or wrong, wise or foolish, in the views he has propounded. His judgments may be rash or well-formed; his reasonings futile or conclusive; his practical conclusions, the dreams of enthusiasm, the deductions of prejudice, or the sober convictions of a calm and enlightened observer of the religious world. We are not concerned, at present, to state which of these alternatives we adopt. Before concluding, we shall do so, and in the meantime observe that, whatever view be taken, Mr. Rylands's labours are entitled to different treatment from what they have received in some quarters.

The subject discussed is one of the gravest which can engage attention. Its practical importance cannot well be overstated. Many circumstances enforce its *present* consideration. Vast numbers of thinking men are reflecting on it, and the real welfare of the Church, and the diffusion of genuine religion, are greatly dependent on a searching and honest prosecution of the inquiries it suggests. The questions mooted ought, therefore, to be regarded with great seriousness; nor is there anything in the style of Mr. Rylands's advocacy which places him without the pale of gentlemanly and courteous treatment. He writes with sincerity and earnestness, as every honest man will do; and we occasionally suspect, from his modes of expression, that he must have seen some of the worst forms of Dissent. There is a colouring in his representation, which savours more of local than of general observation. This is the great error of his volume. The sketch is an exaggeration, if viewed as a likeness of the body; but it may, for aught we know, be a correct portraiture of a town or district. He has taken a one-sided view of a great topic, and as an inevitable consequence, much of his reasoning is open to exception. There is, however, no malice in his spirit, and all personalities are eschewed. The imputation of bad motive is, therefore, out of place; and when couched in rude language, is

especially obnoxious to good taste and feeling. There are a few expressions in the volume pertaining to doctrinal sentiments, which we regret, as they awaken the suspicion of more being intended than is avowed. We believe such a suspicion to be groundless, but are on this account the more concerned that any occasion of offence should have been given. Where a writer assails so directly the prepossessions of his readers, he should have been specially careful to guard himself against misconstructions. We are, however, come to a sorry pass, if a man may not, in a respectful tone, and, on the whole, in guarded speech, prosecute such inquiries as are contained in this volume, without being made a sinner for a word. We can allow for the sensitiveness of a class, but decline to take the writers in question as expounders of the views they assume to represent. We are painfully sensible of a state of things which needs correction, and which it behoves the religious people of this country to put down as a public nuisance. Their interests are identified with their doing so; for if the intolerance manifested in some quarters be permitted; if the senseless clamour raised on any divergence from the ordinary path being detected, be connived at, and much more, if it be joined in, the formalism of religion may prosper, but its power will vanish; the proportions of a corpse may be preserved, but the vital functions will cease to animate and beautify the body of the Church.

There is, unhappily, too obvious, in the religious world, a disposition to put down inquiry, by raising prejudice against its advocates. Truth is made to wear a stereotyped form. Her limbs are bandaged, her speech is restrained. The worst spirit of priestism is indulged under the garb of zeal for sacred truth; or, as in the case of Mr. Rylands, an attempt is made to awaken prejudice, by irritating the passions of a class. Let this spirit, wherever, or by whomsoever, manifested, be discountenanced. Protestant Dissenters, especially, should hold it in abhorrence. Their fathers felt the wrong it inflicted, and their claims on our gratitude are based on the noble stand they made against it. 'If, in a body like ours,' said Mr. Binney, in his admirable address, as Chairman of the Annual Meeting of the Congregational Union, in May last, '*we really carry out our own principles*, there will not only be differences of opinion amongst us, but these differences will *be acknowledged and avowed*. Perhaps, through life, I have used my liberty as much as most men.' We should be glad to believe that things were, in this respect, as they ought to be, but we have our misgivings, and Mr. Binney probably has his. What *ought* to be is not always the pattern of what *is*. The rule of right, however, is very clear. The liberty we claim for ourselves, we should cede willingly to others. It is the right

of individuals as well as of bodies, and he is the enemy of human progress—an obstacle, at least, in its path—who withholds a practical and generous concession.

We are the more concerned that this assumption on the part of the religious periodical press should be discountenanced, as the whole state of things amongst us loudly calls for searching examination. The condition of religion in this country is not what it should be. Nay, we go much further, it is not what it might be, if the means at our command were honestly employed. Our religious societies have been weighed in the balance, and there is reason to fear that they are found wanting. They have many excellences. They have wrought much good. But still they are not what they should be. They may not be worse than their neighbours, and probably are not. But this is not the question. We are not so much concerned to inquire into the comparative state of our own and of other churches, as into the state of our own, absolutely. Are our Dissenting churches then in a satisfactory state? and, if not, why not? The first of these questions, we are sure, must, with whatever deductions in particular instances, be answered in the negative; the second it is not so easy to determine. The want is generally perceived; the cause is not so obvious. At least, opinions differ on this point. By some, the deficiency is traced to the pastors; by others, to the people: by one class to the older ministry; by another to their juniors. Upon the whole, the blame is pretty equally distributed—a result which should stop the useless work of mutual recrimination, and unite all parties in a resolute endeavour to search out the cause, and apply the appropriate remedy. To this inquiry, Mr. Rylands directs his attention, and the temper in which he has done so, may be gathered from the following passage:—

‘In attacking what I regard to be prevalent evils of no slight magnitude, I am quite aware that I run the risk of offending certain parties, whose good opinion I value highly. I shall regret if this prove to be the case, but I cannot alter my course to avoid even their disapproval. I should wrong my most solemn conscientious convictions did I not give a full and free expression to my opinions. And if an apology be needed, I am willing to rest it upon the SINGLE FACT, *that CHRISTIAN AGENCY, viewed in relation to the spiritual necessities of mankind, is, at the present time, a LAMENTABLE FAILURE.* Let those who are disposed to condemn all opposition to existing ecclesiastical arrangements, ponder well this *one fact*. It admits of no denial. It is proved by the public testimony of “reverend” authorities,—by the reports of religious sects, and of missionary societies,—by criminal statistics and population returns,—and by the practical ungodliness which, with varied modifications, degrades the character of every nation under heaven.’—
Pp. iii. iv.

In the second and three following chapters of his volume,

Mr. Rylands discusses 'the position and duties of the first officers of the Church,' and thus lays an enlightened basis for the conclusions to which he seeks to lead his readers. In this he has done wisely, and in the general drift of his argument we concur, though, if occasion required, we should except to particular criticisms. A correct view of the constitution of primitive churches, and of the precise position of their teachers, is of the highest importance, and would, of itself, go far to correct many prevalent misconceptions. In seeking such a view we must carefully guard against the errors which arise from the change to which the language of apostolic times was subjected. This change was at first slow, and almost imperceptible. The same terms continued to be used, the same official designations were retained, but their import was radically altered. Every student of ecclesiastical history is aware of this fact, though few probably are sufficiently on their guard against it. As opponents of prelacy, we are forward in instancing the term *ἐπισκόπος*, but forget that the same law prevails in other cases bearing an equally close affinity to some of our own opinions and practices. Our author has therefore done well by endeavouring, in his preliminary chapters, to clear the ground. The reader who is intimately versed in ecclesiastical records, will probably complain of the paucity of the authorities adduced. But this is to lose sight of the writer's object, which was to present a brief and popular sketch, adapted to the general reader. Viewed in this light, he has executed his task skilfully, and we commend his reasoning to the consideration of our readers, while we reserve to ourselves the right of demurring to some of his views. But it is not our design to enter on the questions which this part of his volume suggests. We are content to express a general concurrence, and betake ourselves at once to the more immediate and pressing points of the inquiry.

The existing state of things in the religious world, is that which presses on us. There are certain facts presenting themselves to our notice. These are patent, and cannot be denied. They are seen on every hand, and wear an ominous aspect. Go where we may, mix with whomsoever we please, they force themselves on our attention. We have doubted, we have endeavoured to disprove, them. They are adverse to all our prepossessions, and cannot be admitted without a feeling of humiliation we would gladly avoid. This state of things has long kept us silent. We have been willing to hope that we were mistaken, and have looked anxiously about for proof of our being so. Such proof, however, is not forthcoming, and we are reluctantly compelled to rest in the conclusion that there is a fearful disparity between the supply of professed Christian means, and the quantum of

religious feeling,—that the agency of the Church has in truth lost much of its efficiency, and is in consequence inoperative on the great masses of our countrymen. We are firm believers in the progressive tendency of Christianity. The doctrine of atonement is, in our judgments, emphatically ‘the power of God and the wisdom of God,’ and is destined ultimately to attract towards itself the faith and veneration of mankind. This mighty moral power is in our midst. It is as accessible to us as it was to Paul and Peter. Nay, its outward form is perpetually exhibited to view. There is no attempt to conceal it. So far as words go, it is enunciated in our places of worship, and in our theological treatises. It has completely impregnated our religious vocabulary, and passes current as an indisputable axiom. And yet, notwithstanding this, ‘the conclusion,’ as Mr. Rylands remarks, ‘is forced upon us, that even in this, the most Christian country in the world, the dissemination of religion does not keep pace with the increase of the population. *Every year adds to the multitude of our ungodly countrymen, who already form a fearful majority of the nation.*’

We need not search far in proof of the correctness of Mr. Rylands’s conclusion. He has furnished ample evidence of its truth drawn from the reports of several religious bodies. Commencing with the Baptist denomination, he remarks:—

‘The Committee of their Union “observe with deep regret that *the condition of not a few of the churches is stationary, and even retrograde.* A calculation, carefully formed from the returns, exhibits the following result:—In twenty-two of the English associations, containing 507 churches, the condition of which is reported, 174 *have had no clear increase*; and of these 142 *have suffered a clear diminution.* The committee are quite ready to hope that so painful a proportion of decreasing churches would not be found throughout the denomination universally; but they think the fact is one which they are bound to state, and one which is fitted to give rise to serious and salutary reflection.”

‘The Conference of the NEW CONNEXION METHODISTS, held the same year, passed a resolution to the following effect:—

“That the Conference *deeply deploras the decrease in our members during the past year*, and feels that the event ought to be regarded as a source of deep abasement and sorrow before God. The Conference having directed its anxious attention to this painful subject, deems it expedient that our respected superintendents should, as early as possible, bring the matter before the leaders and quarterly meetings, for their searching inquiry and prayerful consideration; and the Conference would also especially and affectionately exhort the officers of our churches cordially to co-operate with their ministers in devising and carrying out such measures as, under the Divine blessing, will restore the prosperity of our Zion, and cause both ministers and people to rejoice together.”

‘The Conference of the **WESLEYAN METHODIST ASSOCIATION** gives similar evidence. From the minutes of its proceedings, it appears that “the assembly took into careful consideration the state of the connexion, as indicated by the number of members returned from the respective circuits. It appeared that in thirty-two circuits there had been *some* increase in the number of church members, and that in *thirty-three circuits the number of members had decreased.*” . . .

‘The **CONGREGATIONAL** denomination has, unfortunately, no statistical account of its numbers, and it is therefore impossible to speak with certainty of its state and progress. There is, however, too much reason to believe that the Independent churches have not kept pace with the population, but present, in too many instances, a most lamentable aspect. This serious question was discussed at the meeting of the Congregational Union, held at Manchester in 1845, when Mr. James, of Birmingham, referring to the machinery of the Independent body, “thought that he everywhere perceived the lack of power. The denomination, as a whole, was not up to the times. *In some counties, which he specified, he had reason to believe that it was diminishing rather than increasing.*” Mr. Kelly, of Liverpool, confirmed the truth of Mr. James’s representation. Dr. Redford, of Worcester, whose “personal knowledge extended very much to the same counties as those of which Mr. James had spoken, entirely concurred with his friend.” Mr. Ely, of Leeds, “admitted the general truth of the melancholy statement of Mr. James,” but referred to Yorkshire as an exception. Ministers from East Devon, Essex, London, &c., lamented the condition of the denomination, and the general state of religion, in their various localities. This concurrent testimony is more than enough to show that the prospects of the Congregational churches are no brighter than those of other religious denominations whose statistics have displayed, in a more accurate manner, their present unsatisfactory condition.

‘Let us now turn to that large sect of Christians to whose extensive efforts Great Britain has been so much indebted; and we regret to observe that the statistical returns for 1845 of the **WESLEYAN METHODISTS**, furnish results similar to those of their kindred societies. *In one half of the English and Scotch districts there was a decrease of members*, whilst the remaining sixteen districts showed an increase. The total clear gain of members during *the year* was only 3,180, which is about equal to **FOUR DAYS’** increase of our population.’—Pp. 6—10.

This is a dark picture we admit, nor can we console ourselves with the thought that any considerable improvement has subsequently occurred. The ‘Baptist Manual’ for 1846, reports, that in 773 churches which had returned their numbers, the net increase of members was 3,043; while that of 1848 reports that the increase in 964 churches, was 1,325. ‘Other Christian communities,’ it is stated in the former Report, ‘have found similar matter for regret,’ and there is good reason to believe that this opinion is well founded. Mere statistics, we are aware, cannot determine the case, nor has our author relied exclusively upon them. They constitute only a part of the evidence appropriate

to his argument, and must be viewed in connexion with other, and perhaps more important facts. They are, however, the most accessible, and the testimony they furnish is unhappily in keeping with the proofs derived from other quarters. But some will probably ask, why reveal the leanness of the land? There is a prevalent feeling against faithfulness in such matters. Facts of this kind, it is argued, ought not to be disclosed; they should be retained as the arcana of the Church, lest its enemies rejoice, and the opponents of our ecclesiastical polity appeal to them in disproof of its efficiency. Now we have no sympathy with this feeling. On the contrary, we believe it has been cherished too long, and has been productive of most pernicious effects. It has served to keep us ignorant of our condition, has prevented the adoption of remedial measures, has induced a contracted and low estimate of our responsibilities, and has led to formalism and spiritual pride, where humiliation and shame would better become us. The real question is, Are the facts so? It is of no use to blink this inquiry, or to quibble at the statement on which it is founded. If facts are substantially as we allege, then the sooner they are ascertained the better, and we injure ourselves, and do injustice to truth, by any attempt to evade them. It is the part of true friendship, and of honest zeal, to represent things as they are. He is the kindest, as well as the most skilful, physician, who discovers and makes known the real nature of our malady. Such knowledge is essential to the recovery of health; and the sooner and the more certainly it is obtained, the better.

Nor should we be deterred by the advantage which uncandid opponents take of our disclosures. The guilt of such perversion rests on themselves. To their Master they are responsible for the bad use they make of our integrity; and the temporary advantage they derive from the acknowledgment of our defects, is far more than counterbalanced by the humiliation and sorrow to which we are thus brought. Better, indeed, would it be that these feelings should be awakened by a devout consideration of the facts simply; but if these fail to induce them, as they frequently do, then we have need to rejoice if the language of mistaken triumph disturbs our slumbers, and apprizes us of the dangers which threaten. Were we so disposed, we might easily retort on our opponents, but this is foreign from our temper, and would lead us away from our object. Let us, then, distinctly apprehend the truth of our position, whatever reflection it may cast upon ourselves; and if it should appear, as it undoubtedly will, that we have acted unworthy of our privileges, we know how to distinguish between personal conduct and the truth of systems, and can seek the improvement of the former without eschewing the latter. Here lies one main difference between

ourselves and our opponents, and it merits their gravest consideration. Our faults are the growth of human nature. They spring out of individual character, and evince the partial influence which religion exercises over us. Theirs, on the contrary, are, to a great extent, inseparable from their system, and cannot be corrected without the system itself being abandoned. Ours, consequently, are paralleled by those which prevailed in primitive times, and are referred to in the Apostolic writings; while the type of theirs cannot be discovered until the Church had lost its purity, and bartered its spirituality for wealth and power. But, recurring to our more immediate object, we proceed to point out some of those causes which have specially operated to produce the existing state of things.

And here we are desirous of guarding ourselves from misapprehension. Let it, then, be borne in mind that we do not undertake to lay bare the whole case. Judged by this rule, our statements will be defective, for some topics pertaining to it will be omitted, which on other occasions we should advert to and insist on. Our purpose is simply to note some of the more prominent and material points, in hopes that other minds may be induced to prosecute the inquiry, and to lay the result of their cogitations before the public. We are willing to act the subordinate part of pioneers, if we may thereby facilitate the progress of those who come after us. Our statements, also, may possibly, in some of their bearings, be unwelcome to ministerial readers, and we are therefore desirous of saying, once for all, that we yield to none in our appreciation of the virtues and labours of their class. It is infinitely remote from our design to cast reproach on those who stately labour 'in word and doctrine.' Our object is rather to awaken the inquiry, whether the system we have adopted is not in some important respects defective, whether our modes of action may not be supplemented with advantage, whether our plans do not entail much of the evil under which we suffer; in a word, whether our whole religious economics do not call for, and imperatively demand, thorough revision. All this may be, and the radical principles of our system be untouched. Those principles respect the spirituality of the Church, and its consequent exemption from secular control, and may be retained in their entirety, though practically enfeebled by the erroneous views and defective plans of those who hold them.

In the prosecution of such an inquiry, it is impossible to avoid looking at the character of our ministry. Its prominence necessitates this, while its great influence, whether for good or for evil, attaches immense importance to the due consideration of this branch of the question.

It is the glory of Protestant Dissenters to regard personal piety as an essential qualification for the ministry. This is viewed in the light of an axiom, the letter of which, at least, is sought to be preserved. Neither talent, nor benevolence of temper, nor correctness of morals, is accepted as a substitute. The importance of such qualifications is admitted, and the absolute necessity of some of them is universally maintained amongst us. Yet it is open to inquiry, whether the plans we adopt are the best suited to our end ; whether our theory and our measures are not, to some extent, incompatible ; whether, in a word, while maintaining the necessity of a special call to the ministry, we do not practically facilitate the introduction of numerous persons who are only partially imbued with its spirit. We confess to our misgivings on this point, and shall endeavour, in good faith, and with sincere respect for individuals, to exhibit the grounds of our apprehension.

The conclusion at which we arrive must obviously, in great measure, depend on the views we take of the character of the religion required from candidates for the ministry. Here, possibly, we may be at issue with some, though certainly not with the theory of our Churches. Our views may be deemed utopian and impracticable, but, such as they are, we honestly state them, and leave it to our readers to judge. The religion of the ministry, then, in our estimation, should be eminently profound, earnest, and practical ; a deep-seated conviction, engendering sanctified passion, and giving a special character and direction to the life. An ordinary degree of fervour does not suffice to meet its claims. Such a religion may do in other walks of life, may pass current in a thousand circles, and may even commend itself to approval and respect. But in the ministry it will be wanting, and its deficiency will soon be visible. He only who has intimately communed with spiritual things, whose faith is sufficiently strong to render the invisible present, whose convictions have resulted in religious habits, and whose very spirit groans with desire to do the will of his Father in heaven, is, in our deliberate conviction, qualified for the engagements, or likely to prove successful, in the service of the sanctuary. If such be admitted, then it follows, that the immature and inexperienced, of whatever age or station, the professors of recent date, the converts whose principles have not been tested and whose habits are not fixed, are amongst the last from whom the stated pastors of our Churches should be chosen. As a class, they cannot, except in rare instances, possess the qualities which are needful, and their appointment, therefore, to stations of responsibility and influence, will expose the Church to hazard, and deteriorate the spiritual character of the ministry. This is a fearful peril, but it is not

all. Were our plans most wisely adapted to reduce the evil to its minimum degree, we should have cause to exercise the greatest circumspection. But is this the case? Let a brief review of our practice show.

The difficulty of providing duly qualified pastors has led to the establishment of various institutions, partly literary, and partly theological, in which young men are furnished with the training which is deemed conducive to the efficient discharge of ministerial work. Now we do not quarrel with such institutions. Let not our statements be so perverted, nor any meaning be fixed on them foreign from our intentions. We eschew any such design. Our simple object is to suggest—what with us is a deep conviction—that the administration of these institutions is materially defective, and, consequently, that with the good they accomplish there is mixed a large portion of evil. The ministry, it must be remembered, is become a profession. We do not use this word invidiously, but simply to denote a fact, which may be right or wrong, so far as our present object is concerned. The class thus constituted is, for the most part, supplied from the lower grades of social life, and, to large numbers of those who enter it, it proffers secular advantages beyond what they would otherwise obtain. We do not exaggerate here. Stronger terms might be used, but we prefer understating the case, rather than expose our language to cavil. It is scarcely necessary to remark that there are most honourable exceptions, men who have sacrificed the secular to the religious, by consecrating their noble faculties to the service of God and his Church. Their number, however, is comparatively small. In the majority of cases our former remark holds true, and it enforces, most peremptorily, the importance of checking the tendency to the ministry thus induced. Human motives are for the most part mixed. The questionable links itself unperceived with the more excellent, so that the ablest judges are frequently unable to determine their respective force. Seeing, however, that such things are, access to the ministry should be a matter of some difficulty, the path should not be made too smooth, obstacles should be permitted to intervene, so that character may be tried, the purity and strength of the strictly religious element be tested. Is this done? A brief review will enable us to reply.

Our collegiate education is, with few exceptions, gratuitous. A wiser course has recently been adopted in one or two of our institutions, but the rule is as we state. Admission takes place on the vote of the committees of management, in order to which certain testimonials are required. These vary in different colleges. In general, however, it may be said, they must certify to the good demeanour and Christian standing of the parties.

Membership, with some churches, is generally required, though we have known cases—we believe them to be infrequent—in which this was not insisted on. Now it is obvious to those who are acquainted with the position of our ministers, that these testimonials, *considered in relation to their special object*, are of little value. Nor do we attach much more worth to the recommendations of churches, when, as is sometimes the case, such recommendations are required and given. We need not state the grounds of our opinion. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

Thus introduced, the youthful candidate appears before the committee, having previously furnished, it may be, written replies to certain queries, and a general statement of his theological views. In some cases he delivers an address, or short sermon, and is subjected to a *vivâ voce* examination. As the result, he is admitted on probation, at the close of which the report of his tutors is usually decisive of his fate. The instances of an applicant being rejected are, we believe, comparatively rare. The case must be very bad to induce it. Nor is it very different at the end of the probationary term. Though appearances may not be marked, though the tutors may have serious misgivings, though three or more months' daily intercourse may not have elicited any decided evidence of mental superiority or of special religious adaptation, yet mistaken kindness pleads for indulgence. The candidate, it is alleged, has relinquished his secular calling, he cannot, perhaps, return to it; or, if this be not impossible, his doing so would inflict on him deep mortification. At any rate, the proof not yet furnished, may still be forthcoming. His development may be slow, and we know not what the future may disclose. And so it happens, in many cases, that the probationary term is extended, and the individual is finally admitted for the usual course, in the absence, on the part both of tutors and of committee, of any decided conviction of his fitness for the ministry. We speak not thus at random. We have witnessed what we report, and have protested against it, under a painful sense of responsibility. It is obvious to remark that though prompted by kindness, such a course is cruel in the extreme. The position of the Dissenting ministry entails innumerable vexations and continual sorrow on such of its members as are not equal to its requirements. We know no class more to be pitied than those—and they are unhappily numerous—who are not equal to its duties, whose faculties are weak, and whose endowments are behind the age. Their life is a perpetual effort, destined, ultimately, to fail: and poverty, loss of self-respect, frequent removals, and injury to the moral repute of the ministry, are the common results. Better far, infinitely more kind, were it to prevent the entrance of such into the ministry,

than to facilitate their introduction with such penalties before them. But the defective economy of the system is clearly shown in the large proportion of our ministerial students who, on the completion of their academic course, betake themselves to other vocations. Whatever be the cause, the fact itself is notorious. There is no mystery, however, about the cause. It is known to every one, and is matter of perpetual reference. Our churches do not invite the individuals in question to become their pastors, and the necessity of the case compels their resort to some other calling. The frequency of such events is a standing reproach which it is impossible to evade.

But, in a large number of other instances, a result still more to be regretted occurs. A settlement takes place, a pastoral charge is assumed, and, for a brief season, all looks well. But it is soon found that the qualities of an efficient minister are wanting. There is an absence of natural endowments, or a deficiency of acquired knowledge, or a want of the gift of utterance, or a very partial measure of religious earnestness, and the natural consequence is seen in the decay of their churches, and the endless animosities and divisions which ensue. With all our respect for the ministry, and with every disposition to do justice to its claims, we are painfully convinced that a large proportion of its members are unequal to its requirements, and might have rendered better service to the Church by remaining in their secular calling. Their lives are one perpetual struggle, a dead effort to maintain a position they ought never to have occupied, and in which it is impossible they should ever succeed.

These facts establish, beyond reasonable doubt, the want of due circumspection in the admission of candidates to our colleges. The result of the system is far short of what we are entitled to look for. It does not compensate for the outlay incurred, and the failure ought, at least, to awaken serious inquiry. We are aware that it is much more easy to censure, than to improve,—to find fault, than to suggest remedies. This is a common objection to all such remarks, and it is usually deemed conclusive. Many are silenced by it. To ourselves, however, it is perfectly futile, and would be so, even if we had no remedy to suggest. But this is not the case. So far as this branch of the question is concerned, we verily believe that a remedy is at hand, by the faithful application of which a large portion of the evil in question would be corrected. We would have—save in special cases—the eleemosynary education of our ministry to cease, and a much more rigid examination to be instituted into the intellectual and religious qualifications of candidates. For the latter, our main reliance would be on the testimony of tutors, whose daily intercourse obviously affords the best means of forming

a sound judgment. This testimony should be given without reserve; and whenever it involved doubt, the welfare of the Church and the happiness of the individual will be best consulted by his being advised to resume his secular avocation. Errors will no doubt be occasionally committed, false judgments will be given; but better far that a few should be deprived of the advantages of collegiate training, than that the resources of our churches should be misapplied, as at present. In general, we would have access to the ministry rendered more difficult. Let there be something to test the earnestness of the aspirant, something that shall prove the existence of a master passion, which shall say, with the force of a practical law, 'Yea, woe is me if I preach not the gospel.'

But there is another feature of these institutions open to very serious exception, and from which, as we apprehend, much mischief results. We refer to their semi-monastic character, than which we can scarcely imagine anything less adapted to the nature and requirements of the ministry. Young men, associated in considerable numbers, and secluded, for the most part, from other society, are not likely to have the peculiar propensities of their age chastened and counteracted by the moderating influence of maturer years, and of more settled character. The result of such seclusion, to say the least, is adverse to the formation of those grave and sober habits which ought to characterise persons separated to the ministerial office. A superficial piety may be induced, but it is a hot-house plant, wholly unfit for exposure to the winds of heaven. Hence our ministers, at the commencement of their career, are for the most part ignorant of the real world,—the world with which they have to do, and on the discreet treatment of which the success of their labours greatly depends. They have book knowledge. They may have studied human nature in the abstract; but as to its concrete forms, the prejudices and weaknesses and passions, the virtues and the vices, with which they will meet in daily life, they are almost as ignorant—and that necessarily so—as if trained in some distant planet. Their difficulties are thus immensely increased, as the bitter experience of many can testify. And here, be it observed, we impute no blame to the presidents and tutors of colleges; we are speaking of what is unavoidable from the very nature of our collegiate system. Whether we regard their character or their learning, we may be justly proud of many who are engaged in the conduct of our seminaries. But those of them who might, in more favourable circumstances, communicate valuable instruction relative to the practical business of ministerial and pastoral life, are deprived of the means and opportunities for doing so; while others, it may be remarked, without offence, are not

adapted to afford this important kind of training. Some of the greatest ornaments to our seats of sacred learning have been men who failed as preachers and pastors, or who never made the attempt to succeed as such, from a conviction that the experiment would issue in disappointment. Such teachers may equip a young man with ample stores of theological and general erudition; but how can they form his style as a preacher, or school him in the offices of a pastor? The only way in which he can be taught the duties of a minister and a pastor is by being placed under the care of one experienced in both, by witnessing his example as well as by receiving his instructions, and by exercising himself in both under the immediate eye of his preceptor and exemplar. Depend upon it, we should have more William Jays if we had more Cornelius Winters.

When the ministerial student has completed his course, and become the stated pastor of a church, he takes rank as the member of a class distinct from all others, and marked by peculiar features. His settlement is usually notified by a public service, termed 'An Ordination,' respecting which very vague, and, in some cases, most erroneous notions prevail. Considered in the light of a simple recognition—a fraternal act, on the part of neighbouring pastors and churches, expressive of their good will and affection, such a service is both appropriate and beautiful. This is the light in which it is regarded by the more reflecting and best informed; but a different opinion extensively prevails, and operates most injuriously. A factitious importance is frequently given to the ceremony. It is deemed essential to the performance of pastoral duties, and is perpetually referred to as the line of demarcation between the class and all other people. Now we have no faith in this. We believe it to be a mere illusion, involving, though in a mitigated form, the elements of priestism, of which the Papal Church exhibits the perfection. Mr. Rylands's view on this subject is substantially ours, though we think his statement somewhat too strong and sweeping. He represents the popular faith without making due mention of the sounder judgments and more enlightened views of many amongst us. We give his statement, and commend it to consideration. He says:—

'The Congregational body is divided into two classes,—the clergy, usually styled ministers, and the laity, or ordinary members. The ministers are generally educated, in an especial manner, for their office, are formally installed into its duties by the ceremony of ordination; and, when elected by the suffrage of the churches, they are charged, almost exclusively, with the duty of preaching the gospel. *The rite of ordination is administered by those already sustaining the sacred character, and its object and effects are variously estimated. The fact, however,*

is, that until the young minister has been set apart by this official consecration, it is not thought right, or, at all events, decorous, for him to administer the solemn ordinances of the church. And although the idea may not be a definite one in the minds of most, yet there is a popular opinion amongst Dissenters, that the laying on of hands at ordination imparts a peculiar influence, or invests the recipient with a "reverend" character of a *permanent nature*. As secular duties might interfere with their Christian efforts, the ministry are supported by the voluntary contributions of the people. It follows, that they constitute a *distinct ecclesiastical order, occupying a clerical position, having separate interests* from the other members, and considered, in an especial manner, as devoted to the work of Christ. On the other hand, the laity, while retaining the perfect right of self-government, and of electing their pastors, are expected to look up to them as their authorized spiritual teachers, and are led to depend mainly upon their efforts in every department of Christian agency. We need scarcely remark, that, even in this democratical form of ecclesiastical polity, it is not difficult to discern something very like a Puseyite bias.'—Pp. 70, 71.

We pass to another topic which has, we are convinced, very serious influence on the interests of our churches. This is a day of public effort, of noise, and show, and parade. The religious world has its excitements as well as the political. A thousand schemes are afloat, some of which are more than questionable, but all obtrude their claims on the time and energy of Christian men. Now we do not object to much of this. On the contrary, we believe it to be a healthy sign of the age. Men are no longer the uninquiring, lethargic, and dull mass they formerly were. They have aroused themselves from sleep; and if some of their modes of action are questionable, they yet exhibit signs of life and thought, and in these we rejoice. What we do object to, is, the special occupation of the ministry with such things. Let us, however, be understood. We are far from wishing our ministers to be ascetics. It is equally foreign from our thoughts and our wishes, that they should stand aloof from the enterprises of Christian philanthropy, which do honour to our age. They should be in the foremost rank, encouraging by their example as by their precepts, the self-denying efforts of their people. So far we would have them go, but no further. The actual case, however, is different, and it becomes them seriously to reflect whether a balance of evil be not the result. The conduct of our religious societies is, to a great extent, left to them. Men of business plead the urgency of their avocations, and men of wealth and leisure are, with few honourable exceptions, too self-indulgent to give their time and energy to the more laborious departments of Christian effort. Our ministers are, therefore, over-taxed. They are perpetually engaged with committees or public meetings, are

urged to form part of deputations to various districts of the kingdom, and if they venture to decline, are subjected to the imputation of defective zeal or of self-indulgence. Some unhappily give way to the temptation. Their very virtues at first incline them to do so, but the thing soon becomes a habit, and plausible pretexts for its continuance are not long wanting. In London, and other large places, the cry generally is, that public engagements cannot be neglected. Circumstances, it is urged, brought them into such relations; they did not seek them; they rather dislike publicity; but some one must make a sacrifice: and if they are willing, their people ought to be willing too. Are they so selfish as to wish that the interests of the country, or of the world at large, should suffer, in order that they may engross the whole of their pastor's time and attention? He must accept invitations to preach anniversary sermons, and to go on missionary deputations, because he is a public man. He must be on various committees, and must take part in every new enterprise of Christian charity, because he is a public man. The religious world would stand still were he to confine himself to the circle of his own church and congregation. The consequence is, that his people have not half his time, nor a tithe of his attention. A few of them may keep him in countenance, but the mass feel that they have no pastor. Bearded men and intelligent youth will probably discern a leanness in his ministrations. There may be no denying the earnestness of his manner, or the eloquence of his language; but there will be only too visible a looseness of arrangement, a scantiness of matter, a deficiency of point. The sermons of so preoccupied a mind cannot tell. They afford little or nothing to be stored up. The church may be enlarged indeed, but will it be edified? Will not even its enlargement tend towards a declining ratio? The pastor and the church will, by and by, present on the one hand a series of deplorable parallels; on the other, a series of as deplorable contrasts. A fickle pastor, a fickle church; a careless pastor, a careless church; an aimless pastor, an aimless church. A public-spirited pastor, a church indifferent to all around them; a pastor who takes a lively interest in our great religious societies, a church which totally neglects most of them, and but feebly supports the rest. How is it, men will ask, that a pastor who takes such large views, who is anxious to diffuse religion to the ends of the earth, can be united to a church so little concerned in any thing that occurs beyond its own locality, and so utterly unsympathizing with the expansive humanity of the age? The reason is plain. Such a pastor talks more than he does. If he is not a worker, his people will not be workers. With those who do work, he will not co-work; and they therefore will not co-work with him. His

influence being purely personal, will not be deep. The church, though numerous, will not be powerful,—an extended superficies, but a feeble substance, whose influence will be potent to obstruct, rather than to urge on the more enlightened and best considered measures of the age.

We readily admit, that the existence of religious organizations, such as those of the Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies, renders the example of our Nonconformist forefathers inapplicable, in great measure, to our day. We live in times different from them, and which call for and necessitate a subdivision of labour for which they had no occasion. Our ministers are necessarily engaged in many public labours of which they knew nothing. Of this we do not complain: within proper limits, it is commendable. But to whatever extent the time requisite for their people is given to other objects, to that same extent should an effort be made, to supplement their labours by a new and somewhat different agency. Here, in our sober judgment, is the great want of the day; and until this is supplied, we shall look in vain for any extensive revival and enlargement of our churches. We differ *toto cælo* from Mr. Rylands in our view of the *right* of the stated minister to look to his people for pecuniary support. His claim is, in our judgment, clear and scriptural, based at once on the reason of the case, and on the obvious import of Apostolic language. But we see no reason why another and more numerous class should not be called into active ministerial service. A plurality of pastors undoubtedly existed in many of the primitive churches, but how seldom is anything of the kind witnessed amongst ourselves. We are not unaware of the objections which will be urged against this plan, nor do we make light of them. Such as respect the difficulty of maintaining more than one pastor, are readily disposed of by calling into requisition those whose secular occupation affords them the means of subsistence. Many individuals are to be found in connexion with our churches, who are eminently qualified by their wisdom, religious experience, and practical knowledge of the difficulties of life, to aid in the instruction of their brethren, and an immense advantage would be gained if they were called out to more active service. At present they shrink back, for the feeling of our churches is against this kind of service; but let them be encouraged by the expressed desire of their fellows, and a vast addition would be made to the active agency of the Church.

The Christian Church, indeed, ought never to be without a race of cultivated men, capable of defending the truth against the assaults of infidelity and the encroachments of error; and their cultivation, to be complete, should be early begun. The

services of such men will always be needed, and, when efficiently rendered, cannot be overpaid. It is equally, perhaps even more necessary, that abundance of able and devoted evangelists should be found to carry the gospel to them who are without it, whether in our own or other lands. These two classes of labourers, in order to their efficiency, ought to be at liberty to consecrate themselves wholly to sacred exertions, either in the retirement of the study, or in the open field of evangelical labour. But Christians have committed a grievous mistake, in supposing that entire consecration to the sacred office is necessary, or at all times even desirable, in the case of teachers and pastors of stated churches. Surely the example of Apostles, and especially of Paul, might have prevented so egregious an error, had but that example been duly considered. We have not space to enumerate all the bad consequences of this mistake. One of the most obvious is, that in order to supply a sufficient maintenance for a pastor 'wholly devoted to the work,' it leads to the formation of churches too unwieldy for any one pastor effectually to oversee: while, in despair of the accomplishment of an impossible task, the attempt is in reality abandoned. Every large church ought to have more pastors than one: but, with very few exceptions, the largest churches are not able to support more than one pastor; and yet neither churches nor pastors will relinquish the foolish and unscriptural notion, that no one who is not actually devoted to the work—who has not been ordained—who is not styled reverend—can, with propriety, be admitted to the pastoral office. In smaller churches, the evil is scarcely less, though of a different form. Here a worthy man and his family are set to starve—for it were ironical to say subsist—on £30, £40, or £50 a year, raised with difficulty by a poor and scanty flock. Now, why, in the name of scripture and of common sense, should not the pastor of a rural church be some substantial farmer or tradesman, who has grown up within its bosom? There would surely be no greater harm in the pastor being in business, than in the deacons getting an honest and independent livelihood by their own exertions. It would scarcely detract from his weight and influence with the flock, to be able to repeat the boast of the Apostle, that his own hands ministered to his necessities. On the contrary, it would rather commend him to their increased esteem to know, that, although entitled to claim their carnal in return for his spiritual things, yet, in consideration of their poverty, he preferred foregoing its assertion. Starving country ministers are the opprobrium of Dissent, from which neither the *Regium Donum*, nor the profits of the *Christian Witness*, nor any other unlawful or lawful succedaneum, will ever relieve it. Nothing can reflect

greater discredit upon us, except it be the seeming admission, that our churches are so ill acquainted with the verities of their religion, as not to have the means of mutual edification within themselves.

Let neither ministers nor people be any longer misled by the absurd and unscriptural notion, that the pastoral function is incompatible with attendance to secular affairs. Any one who spends a month in London, may see the matter in a different light. He may see the worthy pastors of large churches engaged in all sorts of enterprises, from Monday morning till Saturday night. He may find one and the same on some half-dozen committees ; he may find one man holding, with efficiency, an important pastorate, and at the same time editing, with equal efficiency, an important magazine ; another the secretary of a great society, and the pastor of a numerous flock ; and a third, finding time to add the united labours of different secretariats to those of a pastorate. With these examples, which might easily be multiplied, staring him in the face, it is ridiculous to suppose that the pastor of a country church could not find time to ride over his farm and to visit his people, to wait upon his customers and to prepare his sermons. Common sense, moreover, will assure us, that the pastor, whose ordinary engagements assimilate nearest to those of his people, will, other things being equal, be better fitted for his office than the individual who is more conversant with books than with men, with ideas than with affairs. And as to sermons, it is high time that the vulgar notion were exploded, of their preparation being so formidable as to require a man to be shut up in a study all the six days of the week. Robert Robinson did a hundred different secular things in the course of a day, and yet, though a bad theologian, he was a good sermonizer. The truth is, that, had we more lay preaching, we should have better sermons instead of worse ; less elaboration, but more sense ; less sentimentalism and tedious commonplace, but hearty feeling, fresh illustration, and genuine, if not original views. It was not a lay pastor, who was lately detected in the miserable fraud of palming off upon his hearers the sermons of another man.

Various kindred topics crowd upon us, but our remarks have already extended so far beyond our original intention, that we must waive them for the present. A future opportunity for reverting to them will occur, of which we shall readily avail ourselves. In the meantime we are content to let our observations stand as they are, and, it may be, that some advantage will be gained, in point at least of simplicity of impression, by our not adverting to other, though kindred, topics. We had intended to embrace a wider sphere than that which the pulpit desig-

nates, but our thoughts have multiplied as we proceeded, and we have honestly recorded them. So far as they go we are strongly impressed with their truth and importance, but we are concerned to guard against the supposition of their involving the entire cause of whatever evils exist amongst us. There is much in the condition of our people which needs correction. Ignorance, prejudice, and sectarianism, feebleness of intellect, unsteadiness of judgment, secularity of spirit, are the characteristics of many. There is a want, in some cases, even of the first elements of Christian integrity. The little, the mean, the ungenerous, prevail to a lamentable extent. The worst construction is readily put on the conduct of others, while many are lamentably ignorant of the temper of their own spirit. The outward peace which marks the condition of the Church, has given rise to the evils usually attendant on prosperity. It is difficult to distinguish between her members and the men of the world. The line of demarcation between the two classes is less distinct than formerly. The language of the latter is become more respectful, and the conduct of the former less distinctively religious. This state of things calls for circumspection and scrutiny, lest it should ultimately be found that we have purchased the favour of men by a surrender of the temper of our Lord. We need a large and generous spirit—a spirit infinitely above mere forms, but most devoutly attached to the special truths of revelation. These are perfectly consistent with each other, and are demanded by the spirit of the age. The day of mere hereditary faith is past by. Our age is inquiring, speculative, sceptical, rather than superstitious. We must therefore be prepared to give a reason of ‘the hope that is in us;’ and if, on a renewed and more searching examination, we find reason to conclude that any of the outposts occupied by our fathers are untenable, we must be ready to abandon them. Our convictions must be deep, the grounds of our faith be clearly defined, if the responsibilities of our position are to be met. Above all, a devout and heavenly temper must rule our life. Men must see the Christian rather than the partisan; the believer in the Son of God, rather than the member of any sect or church. Hitherto we have failed in this. Denominationalism has been too rife, and its doubtful zeal has frequently supplanted a purer passion. Our ecclesiastical organizations are imperfect, and are destined, as we apprehend, to give place to a simpler, less exclusive, and more obviously spiritual form of Christian association:—

‘The ecclesiastical organization,’ says Mr. Rylands—and with this extract we conclude—‘which then rose to meet the spiritual exigencies of the age, has continued, for three centuries, to satisfy the religious wants, and in its essential characteristics to receive the adoption, of the

entire Protestant community. We believe, however, that its influence is now rapidly declining, and that the existing institutions have again become too narrow for the spiritual necessities of the people. Society has once more outgrown its religious vestures. In every direction, there are signs of the decay of clerical power, and of the decline of ecclesiastical organizations. Dissatisfaction with the present system is being everywhere manifested. Sectarianism is losing its hold upon men's minds. The new generation refuse to bow their necks to the yoke in which their fathers rejoiced. The practical tendency of the age is in direct opposition to a mere dogmatical Christianity; and conjoined with all this, and perhaps at the root of all, there is a growing recognition of the claims of individual manhood, that will assert the right of independent thought and of free action, even at the sacrifice of institutions, which time has made venerable, or which former generations have regarded as sacred.

'We believe that this movement will progress to a considerable extent, before there is any striking change produced upon existing ecclesiastical organizations. The forms will remain after their spirit has departed. Men will continue to support their accustomed system, although convinced of its evils and inefficiency. Gradually and silently, however, the new power will work within the old machinery. Sooner or later, the change will come; and then, unless we much mistake the "signs of the times," the second Reformation will be characterised by the overthrow of state churchism, by the disruption of religious corporations, and by the general revival of spiritual worship, and of practical Christianity.'—Pp. 116, 117.

ART. IX.—*The Prose Works of John Milton.* 3 vols. *With a Preface, Preliminary Remarks, and Notes.* By J. A. St. John. London: H. G. Bohn. 1848.

If the maxim of Political Economy, that the demand occasions the supply, holds good with literature, it is matter of no small congratulation that an edition of Milton's Prose Works has been published once in about twenty-seven years, almost from the date of their composition. We find the following enumeration in the preface of Mr. St. John. In 1698, the earliest complete edition of Milton's historical, political, and miscellaneous works, with a Life of the Author, was published in Holland, by J. Toland, in 3 vols. folio. Next year, the Life was printed separately in London. Milton's Letters of State, from 1649 to 1659, with an account of his Life, and catalogue of his works, had appeared in London, 1694, no doubt by the care of Toland. No second complete edition of the works was called for during thirty-five

years, when, in 1733, they were published, with a new Life, by Dr. Birch, who, twenty years afterwards, brought them out in quarto. Fifty-one years then elapsed, from 1753 to 1804, before a new edition of Milton's Prose Works again appeared. The latter year is the date of the edition of Dr. Symmons, who prefixed a Life, which has since been separately reprinted. Then ensued another interval of thirty years, when, in 1834, the whole of the Prose Works were reprinted in one large and elegant volume, with an able Introductory Essay, by Mr. Robert Fletcher, who deserves well of every admirer of Milton.

This, we say, is matter of congratulation; and the more so, as posterity were threatened with the loss of these immortal works, by the edict of that contemptible debauchee, Charles II., in the year 1660, who, after commanding that all copies of the said works should be given up by every person in Great Britain that might possess them, adds to his proclamation the following words: 'And we do hereby give special charge and command to the said chief magistrates, justices of the peace, and chancellors, respectively, that they cause the said books which shall be so brought unto any of their hands, or seized, or taken, as aforesaid, by virtue of this our proclamation, to be delivered to the respective sheriffs of those counties where they respectively live, the first and next assizes that shall after happen. And the said sheriffs are hereby also required, in a time of holding such assizes, to cause the same to be publickly burnt by the hand of the common hangman. And we do further straitly charge and command, that no man hereafter presume to print, sell, or disperse, any of the aforesaid books, upon pain of our heavy displeasure, and of such further punishment, as for their presumption in that behalf, may any way be inflicted upon them by the laws of this realm.'

The enormity of this decree, more characteristic of the monarch than of the age which he darkened by his counsels and disgraced by his crimes, is in perfect accordance with the policy of despots, and meets us by its parallel in every page of history, which unhappily is little else than the record of tyrannical wrong. It would remind the reader of the narrative of what befel the panegyrists of Thræsea and Helvidius, which kindled into indignant declamation beneath the pen of the Roman historian:—
'Neque in ipsos modo auctores, sed in libros quoque eorum sævitum; delegato triumviris ministerio ut monumenta clarissimorum ingeniorum in comitio ac foro urerentur. Scilicet illo igne vocem Populi Romani et liberatam senatûs et conscientiam generis humani aboleri arbitrabantur, expulsis insuper sapientiæ professoribus atque omni bonâ arte in exilium actâ, ne quid usquam honestum occurreret.' The glowing language of Tacitus

might seem satirically prophetic of the futile designs of the British Nero. He, too, 'thought, forsooth, that in that fire the voice of the people, the liberty of the Parliament, and the conscience of mankind, would be consumed together, especially when all the advocates of truth had been driven into exile, and with them every ennobling pursuit.'

This, indeed, has ever been the favourite policy of tyrants. They have sagacity enough to perceive that the light of letters reveals their own deformity, and arms society with an indignation which threatens their existence. They know, too, that the possession of genius, from the consciousness of personal power which it engenders, must ever be hostile to the assumptions of despotism; and that popular ignorance is the grand essential condition to the maintenance alike of regal and hierarchical domination. This idea, with a specific reference to poetic genius, is elaborated with great felicity by Mr. St. John, in his able preface to the works before us:—

'The spirit of poetry,' he says, 'is a spirit of power, which in him who is possessed by it, cannot fail to engender a consciousness of dignity. He feels that he bears within him mines richer than those of gold, or diamonds, which, so soon as art shall supply the proper tools for working them, must place him among the peers of intellect, or, rather, prove his title to a kingdom in the realms of thought, by subduing into praise and admiration whole masses of those whom fortune may have blindly thrust before him. And therefore the true poet scorns to be a parasite, scorns to owe anything to insolent wealth; or, if distress and lack of virtue sometimes lead such a man to prostitute his divine gift, rather than eat the sweeter bread of indigence, and herd with his misfortunes in a cottage or a garret, we may be well assured that he abhors whom he lauds, and burns to give birth to the vituperation and satire which he feels struggling to leap forth from his brain, and strangle his ill-paid eulogies. Nature never designed the muses to be the handmaids of despotism; nor can their servant, without betraying his high trust, touch the lyre they have placed in his hands for any but who practise virtue.

'Milton, as he ought, experienced that noble pride and enthusiasm which the consciousness of genius inspires. He could, therefore, not behold without abhorrence an order of things in which the accidental possessor of wealth, or place, or title, assumed the air of a superior, or of a master; while he acknowledged no master but God, no controlling power but the law, which, when just, is God's minister. He never forgot that man was created in the image of God; that by putting on the human form, Christ had raised and sanctified it; and, therefore, that whoever sought to debase and vilify human nature,—and what can do this more effectually than oppression?—was, in fact, the enemy of God and Christ, and to be opposed accordingly.

'Such were the considerations which led Milton to engraft the politician on the poet, and caused him to employ all the energies of his

gifted mind in effecting the overthrow of a government fatal to the interests of society, and in which civil precedence was obtained on other grounds than virtue and public services.'

Such considerations fully account for the jealousy and hatred with which Milton was regarded by Charles and his corrupt adherents, both lay and clerical. They shrank before his intellectual and moral majesty, and quailed beneath the sublime severity of his pen. Perhaps the whole history of the vices of that unprincipled age, the mingled cowardice and corruptness of the Court, may be best comprehended by the one act of unnatural wickedness which sought to deprive the world of the immortal writings of John Milton.

It is not surprising that he should have justly estimated the flagitiousness of the attempt, and comprehending the fatal tendency of such acts, in such an age, should have employed the whole force of his eloquence in vindicating the freedom of the press, in a passage of his 'Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,' which will be familiar to most of his admirers.

'For books,' he says, 'are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself; kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life; whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom: and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself; and slays an immortality rather than a life.'

The re-publication of the 'Works of John Milton,' ably and judiciously edited, at a price which renders them widely accessible, and in a style which claims the *entrée* even to the libraries of the fastidious, affords an opportunity, which we cannot decline, of commending them to general perusal, and especially to the

study of the young men of the present day. It is too evident that the literary taste of the public has, for some years past, gradually undergone a process of enervation. A large proportion of our national stock of genius has long been employed in purveying for the public the luxuries of imaginative literature. The periodical press has, to a great extent, adopted the same course; until the prevalent taste, especially of the young, has become so fastidious and intolerant of vigorous exercise, that a strain of long connected thinking is a burden, and an abrupt Saxon style, though rough with crystalized and sparkling points, is like the crumpled rose-leaf to the voluptuous repose of the Sybarite. This was not the training that bred the masculine spirits of former days.

‘Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,
Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum.’

It was the waves of Tiber, on a ‘raw and gusty day,’ the struggle of the Palæstra, and ‘the immortal garland, not without dust and heat,’ that formed the invincible legion; and it is at once a harder and a higher mental diet which must train the intellects that can either produce or relish such writings as those of Milton, which neither time nor tyrants can destroy.

Apart from the noble sentiments of freedom which exhale from every page of the ‘Prose Works of Milton,’ there resides, in their very style, a bracing and corrective, or, in the phrase of the physician, a tonic element which specially adapts them to the wants of the present age. It is true that they glitter with fancy and eloquence, and that he scatters through his pages, with the conscious, or, perhaps, the unconscious, prodigality of opulence, all that can regale the mere intellectual sensorium; but the poetic decorations of Milton’s style are not extrinsic and adventitious. Like the locks of Samson, they are essential to its strength, and it may be said of him, more truly than was said of Burke by Mr. Fox, ‘that his eloquence is not the greatest of his powers; it is often a veil over his wisdom. Moderate his more vehement sallies, lower his language, withdraw his imagery, and you will find that he was more wise than eloquent; you will have your full weight of metal, though you should melt down the chasing.’

It is true, that the style of Milton’s prose writings is marked by some characteristics which must be regarded as defects, if not intrinsically, yet certainly, as respects their acceptableness, to a polished, and, perhaps, a pampered age. His classic and antiquarian learning was so vast as to make it matter of wonder

that he should have had the tendency or the time 'to wander where the Muses haunt,' and still more to engage, in such tempestuous times, in the fierce and absorbing conflict of politics. The faculty of association, too, in the mind of Milton, was so prompt and powerful, that illustrations supplied by these favourite studies, appear to have obtruded themselves incessantly on his mind, however it might be engaged. He was immeasurably above the affectation of pedantry, but yet seemed unable to exorcise the attendant spirit of his academic life. He reminds us of a certain painter, who was incessantly haunted in his studio by an imaginary figure, which he was compelled to paint, in order to its dismissal from his fancy and the prosecution of his work. The consequence of this addiction to the history and lore of antiquity is, that his style is often overloaded and encumbered with learning, and presents a repulsive aspect to those whose course of education has not led them through the enchanted region of Greek and Roman literature. The very titles of his works frown on the approaching student; their very threshold is beset, like the fabled entrance to the infernal regions, with the dread forms conjured from the catacombs of antiquity. *Sedent in limine diræ.* His sentences, too, more from copiousness of thought than from any want of rhetorical skill, are frequently long and involved, so that their meaning can be fully comprehended only by an intent and studious perusal. This, however, is a condition in the study of all really valuable books, of which the student must expect no alleviation. The lot of man is to earn his intellectual, no less than his physical aliment by the sweat of his brow. It is observed by Colton, with a truth and a quaintness alike characteristic, that 'a volume that contains more words than ideas, like a tree that has more foliage than fruit, may suit those to resort to who want not to feast, but to dream and to slumber.'

Another cause which renders the writings of Milton less attractive to the ordinary readers of the present day, resides in the changes which have passed upon our language since the date of their composition. This, as far as it is a disadvantage, is a necessary and an irremediable one. The language of every age and country, like its implements, its architecture, and its laws, must be adapted to its wants and uses, must grow with its growth, advance with its advances, and be renewed with its regeneration. It must even vary with the fortunes of communities, furnishing alike the bright and keen arms of political and polemical conflict, and the simple implements of a pastoral and Saturnian age.

'Mortalia facta peribunt.

Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax.'

Sir James Mackintosh declares his opinion, that the English language was, when he wrote, only beginning to recover from the almost irreparable mischief done to it by Dr. Johnson. That his sturdy strength was very mainly effectual in damming up the 'well of English undefiled,' and irrigating the fields of our literature from the stagnant reservoirs of the dead languages, is undoubtedly true; though in our opinion Sir James greatly exaggerated the popular influence of Johnson, by attributing the Latinization of our language so chiefly to his pen. The truth appears to us to be, that the Saxon language had fulfilled its course; it had subserved the uses of generations to whose character and mental habits it was adapted; it had clothed and armed the robust youth of British literature; it was rigid, because those who used it were rigorous; simple with their simplicity, winged with their energy, and rough with their fierceness, it was to them what the primitive colours would be to a painter, before a higher art had taught him to combine them, and to rival on his canvass, the infinity of the hues of nature.

The ever-increasing wants of a more civilized and artificial condition of society, necessitated, and therefore produced, what we believe no individual writer could have effected—an organ more varied and flexible, if not more clear; a panoply, if not more impenetrable, yet more polished, convenient, and complete. And just as luxury in all ages has craved the delicacies of other climes, the Tyrian purple, and the gold of Ophir, and even added in its fantastic imports, 'apes and peacocks,' to its ivory and 'barbaric pearl,' so our primitive Saxon supplied its self-indulgence, still more than its wants, from the imperial affluence of Rome.*

The evil felt by the reader of Milton from this progressive change, is not the absence of modern phraseology from his style, but the use of many English words which have now either fallen into desuetude, or whose meaning and application have been entirely changed within the last century. The conjunction *whenas*, as one of a thousand words which might be cited, is an example under the former case; as an illustration of the second, the words *prevent*, in the sense of anticipate—*still*, in the sense of continually—to *want*, for to dispense with—to *watch*, in the sense of to be sleepless—and a multitude of others, will occur to every reader. The same disadvantage is found, and of course to an infinitely greater degree, in the continuance of our antiquated, but incomparably beautiful translation of the Scriptures.

* The reader curious in such matters, will find a comparative scale of the proportion of Latinized words, adopted into the styles of our best authors from Chaucer to Johnson, in the Appendix to the History of the Anglo-Saxons, by the late Mr. Sharon Turner.

Here the sense of innumerable passages is disguised from the full comprehension of an unlettered reader, solely by the altered use of language; so that a new translation of the Bible would seem to be a grand desideratum, could it be executed with that unbiassed and sacred fidelity, in default of which, we trust the existing version will last as long as the English language.

We have thus adduced some reasons why the prose writings of Milton have been so much neglected amongst us, dependent solely on the character of their style, and the mutations through which our language has subsequently passed. Yet surely this necessary condition of literature is not without its pleasures and advantages. To quit for a time the Augustan luxury of modern styles, and to brace and regale the taste amidst the wild and pure sublimities of Milton, is to exchange civilization for nature, to leave the busy hum of men, the jar and din of machinery, the *fumum strepitumque Romæ*, that we may scale Alpine heights, and range untrodden plains, walk reverently in the gloom of primeval forests, bathe in mountain lakes, and catch the gales that breathe above the taint of an impure world. Most truly does Mr. Macaulay commend to others the writings and the character he himself adored in an essay which we venture to designate as a model of rhetorical perfection, and as the noblest monument to Milton that was ever built, save by his own hands; not indeed for its colossal dimensions, but for its matchless and imperishable beauty. 'It is to be regretted,' says he, 'that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which, the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the "Paradise Lost" has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works, in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a seven-fold chorus of Hallelujahs and harping symphonies!"'

But there is another and still deeper reason why we desire to increase the very small number, as we fear, of our countrymen, who are acquainted with the prose compositions before us. This is, that they are pre-eminently adapted to the circumstances of the present times. All truth, indeed, on subjects involving great principles, is of perpetual and universal worth; but there are certain principles of freedom and justice, and there are certain modes of developing them, which are specially suited to particular crises that ever and anon recur in the cycle of history. Such

an expounder of these principles as Milton, suggests to the mind that it was not by accident that the Romans denoted the poet and the prophet by one and the same word. The poetry of such a man is oracular, and his oracles poetic. Standing like Moses on a solitary eminence, which commands alike the wilderness and the land of promise, while he kindles beneath the glories of the scene, he descries the pathway, and augurs the passage of the host. His sayings, at such a time, under the joint inspiration of genius, religion, and patriotism, resemble the prophecies of sacred writ, whose worth survives their fulfilment, whose fragrant truth pervades successive generations, and constitutes, not the monopoly of an age, but a precious possession entailed on posterity for ever.

Milton flourished in an age of revolution and transition. The whole frame of society was dislocated. A rampant tyranny had passed away, and a whole people was recovering from its prostration. Religion, newly unshackled, was pervading a large portion of society with a strange and absorbing influence, and stamped on their enthusiastic politics and martial fierceness, a dignity for which we search history elsewhere in vain:—

‘The Puritans,’ says Mr. Macaulay, in one of the noblest passages in the essay we have already referred to—‘were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more

sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xlii. pp. 338—340.

In the path of men like these, stood the deposed, but gaunt forms of spiritual and civil despotism, forbidding their advance, and threatening to re-usurp the sceptre. It was then when men were 'snatching a fearful joy' at their past deliverance, and dreading a fresh subjection to the yoke they abhorred, that Milton bore his testimony. At a crisis when the freedom of the press, and the rights of the subject, and, above all, the liberty of conscience, were imperilled, he armed himself before the eyes of Europe, to fight single-handed the battle of the people. It was amidst the social wreck that surrounded him, when the foundations of the fabric were broken up and exposed, that he discerned, in the ruins of the structure, those vital principles which alone can give to the social system strength, perpetuity, and glory; and it is the development and commendation of these essential truths, which constitute the writings of Milton the perpetual armoury of freedom, and, more than all the splendour of their eloquence, impress on them their lasting worth.

And we, too, are in a state of transition, and live in an age of revolutions. Wherever we turn our eyes, the face of society is changing; abroad, rent into chasms as by a deluge, or heaving as with the throes of a suppressed convulsion; while at home the change is not the less real and progressive, though effected by a process that more nearly resembles the ordinary operations of nature. We, too, like the contemporaries of Milton, have, within a few years, made great advances in political and religious freedom, and, like them, are witnesses of a foolish and unnatural attempt to reverse the motion of society, and to lead back the public mind to the shackles of priestcraft, and to the practice of ceremonial foolery. To such times as these, we say, the writings of Milton are pre-eminently adapted. We need to listen again to his language of fervent admiration and impassioned homage,

before the altar of liberty ; we want the terrible might of his arm in our midst, to throw lightnings among the hosts of priestly despots, to drive them before his consuming denunciations, and to pursue the Pharisaic rabble as they fly with his withering sarcasms.

The grand ecclesiastical evil of the present day is, we conceive, the association of secular power with nominal Christianity. This Milton regarded as the chief source of doctrinal and practical degeneracy in the Church, the great engine of tyranny and promoter of ignorance, and as that which the sacred writers intended to indicate under the name of Antichrist. This we hold to be the truth, and to be so confirmed by every page of history as to be rapidly forcing itself on the convictions of all. The mode in which the mischiefs of this alliance develop themselves, are precisely those which existed in the days of Milton, and which formed the main subject of his ecclesiastical writings, namely, the substitution of human authority for that of the Bible, and of ceremonial observances for spiritual religion, and the tyrannical powers of bishops and ecclesiastical courts ; and on these several subjects, we shall, in conclusion, present the views of Milton in a few selections from the volumes before us.

With respect to the authority of the Fathers, to which it was common then, as now, for priests to appeal, and evidently with the same motives, after pointing out their numerous errors and their utter inefficiency as guides, he demonstrates that they themselves repudiated all claim to authority, but insisted on the all-sufficiency and plenary authority of Scripture, and concludes as follows :—

‘ If these doctors, who had scarce half the light that we enjoy, who all, except two or three, were ignorant of the Hebrew tongue, and many of the Greek, blundering upon the dangerous and suspicious translations of the Apostate Aquila, the heretical Theodotion, the judaized Symmachus, the erroneous Origen ; if these could yet find the Bible so easy, why should we doubt, that have all the helps of learning and faithful industry that man in this life can look for, and the assistance of God as near now to us as ever ? But let the Scriptures be hard ; are they more hard, more crabbed, more abstruse than the fathers ? He that cannot understand the sober, plain, and unaffected style of the Scriptures, will be ten times more puzzled with the knotty Africanisms, the pampered metaphors, the intricate and involved sentences of the fathers, besides the fantastic and declamatory flashes, the cross-jingling periods which cannot but disturb, and come athwart a settled devotion, worse than the din of bells and rattles. . . .

‘ But I trust they for whom God hath reserved the honour of reforming this church, will easily perceive their adversaries’ drift in thus calling for antiquity : they fear the plain field of the Scriptures ; the chase is too hot ; they seek the dark, the bushy, the tangled forest ;

they would imbosk : they feel themselves struck in the transparent streams of divine truth ; they would plunge, and tumble, and think to lie hid in the foul weeds and muddy waters, where no plummet can reach the bottom. But let them beat themselves like whales, and spend their oil till they be dragged ashore ; though, wherefore, should the ministers give them so much line for shifts and delays ? wherefore should they not urge only the gospel, and hold it ever in their faces like a mirror of diamond, till it dazzle and pierce their misty eyeballs, maintaining it the honour of its absolute sufficiency and supremacy inviolable ?—Vol. ii. p. 388, 389.

The practical evil of a multiplied and semi-popish ceremonial sprang up then, as now, side by side with this unauthorized respect for human tradition and human authority. The absolute execration and contempt in which Milton held these practices, sufficiently vindicates for him the title of Puritan, which Mr. Macaulay, as we think, erroneously denies him. It is true that he was raised immeasurably above the follies into which some of that body were led by ignorance and fanaticism. But he was a republican, a religious man, a nonconformist in the extremest sense of the word, a Baptist, a hater and despiser of kingcraft and priestcraft. If these are sufficient to constitute a Puritan, the annals of that remarkable body of men may be adorned with the name of Milton. To simplicity of worship, however, he attached the highest importance, and he seldom rises to a loftier style of eloquence than when denouncing the superstitious mummeries which in his day, as in ours, disgraced the services of the Anglican Church.

‘ Tell me, ye priests,’ he exclaims, ‘ wherefore this gold, wherefore these robes and surplices over the gospel ? Is our religion guilty of the first trespass, and hath need of clothing to cover her nakedness ? What does this else but cast an ignominy upon the perfection of Christ’s ministry, by seeking to adorn it with that which was the poor remedy of our shame ? Believe it, wondrous doctors, all corporeal resemblances of inward holiness and beauty are now past ; he that will clothe the gospel now, intimates plainly that the gospel is naked, uncomely, that I may not say reproachful. Do not, ye church maskers, while Christ is clothing upon our barrenness with his righteous garment to make us acceptable in his Father’s sight ; do not, as ye do, cover and hide his righteous verity with the polluted clothing of your ceremonies, to make it seem more decent in your own eyes. “ How beautiful,” saith Isaiah, “ are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation !” Are the feet so beautiful, and is the very bringing of these tidings so decent of itself ? What new decency can then be added to this by your spinstry ? Ye think by these gaudy glisterings to stir up the devotion of the rude multitude ; ye think so, because ye forsake the heavenly teaching of St. Paul for the hellish sophistry of papism. If the multitude be rude, the lips of the preacher must give

knowledge, and not ceremonies. And although some Christians be new-born babes comparatively to some that are stronger, yet in respect of ceremony, which is but a rudiment of the law, the weakest Christian hath thrown off the robes of his minority, and is a perfect man, as to legal rites.'—*Ib.* pp. 485, 486.

But it was the insolence of spiritual despotism which kindled those conflagrations of indignant eloquence, before which all the philippics and satires of antiquity are tame and feeble. Not even as the champion of the British people against the calumnies of Salmasius, and in exposing the crimes of the royal traitor, Charles, was his invective so fierce, or his tone so lofty, as when he let loose his power against the hucksters in the Temple, and the tormentors in the Inquisition, of Protestantism. And who that witnesses, in the present day, the petty, sneaking persecution of ecclesiastical courts, the open barter and sale of the sacred functions of the ministry, and the assumption of the solemn powers of Christian discipline by the vain and the volatile, without sufficient sense of religion to comprehend what the word excommunication implies, will doubt that Milton estimated aright the comparative turpitude of civil and ecclesiastical delinquency? If we are to be worried to death, let it be by 'purpled tyrants,' the immemorial scourges of mankind. To have our veins drained by some parasitical *parvenu*, the fungus of a night's growth, a man who never had a grandfather,* and who, unless his memory be perpetuated by his guilt, will bequeath to his grandsons the same ungrammatical condition of owning as their parent a 'relative without an antecedent;'—some smooth-faced hypocrite, with only learning enough for a pedant, and spirit enough for a persecutor, who has wriggled his way to the Bench by pandering, like a Catiline, to the vices of some aristocratic pupil, or written his way thither as the scurrilous scribe, the pamphleteering scavenger of some corrupt administration;—to be tossed as a prey to a Jesuitical wolf in sheep's clothing, a perjured Papist in Protestant orders, living a lie, and fattening on its wages;—this is a degradation of 'suffering for conscience sake.' It is the penalty without the crown of martyrdom;—a fate as far below that of the scaffold, as it is nobler to be torn to pieces by a lion than to be gnawed to death by vermin.†

Of the terms episcopacy, bishop, &c., which, in their proper meaning, only denote the simple and venerable functions of the ministry, Milton says:—'Were it not that the tyranny of prelates, under the name of bishops, had made our ears tender and startling, we might call every good minister a bishop, as every

* On the logical principle, 'De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.'

† The figure is Dr. South's.

bishop, yea, the Apostles themselves, are called ministers, and the angels ministering spirits, and the ministers angels again.' ('Of Reformation in England.') But with the despotic, and even blasphemous assumption, associated by long prescription with this simple but dignified function, he keeps no terms but those prescribed by the limitations of language itself. 'It is still episcopacy,' says he, 'that before all our eyes worsens and slugs the most learned and seeming religious of our ministers, who no sooner advance to it, but, like a seething pot set to cool, sensibly exhale and reek out the greatest part of that zeal and those gifts which were formerly in them, setting in a skinny congealment of ease and sloth at the top. And if they keep their learning by some potent sway of nature, it is a rare chance; but their devotion most commonly comes to that queazy temper of lukewarmness that gives a vomit to God himself.' And again:—

'I could put you in mind,' says he, 'what counsel Clement, a fellow-labourer with the apostles, gave to the presbyters of Corinth, whom the people, though unjustly, sought to remove. "Who among you," saith he, "is noble-minded, who is pitiful, who is charitable? let him say thus, If for me this sedition, this enmity, these differences be, I willingly depart, I go my ways; only let the flock of Christ be at peace with the presbyters that are set over it. He that shall do this," saith he, "shall get him great honour in the Lord, and all places will receive him." This was Clement's counsel to good and holy men, that they should depart rather from their just office, than by their stay to ravel out the seamless garment of concord in the church. But I have better counsel to give the prelates, and far more acceptable to their ears; this advice, in my opinion, is fitter for them: Cling fast to your pontifical sees, bate not, quit yourselves like barons, stand to the utmost for your haughty courts and votes in parliament. Still tell us, that you prevent schism, though schism and combustion be the very issue of your bodies, your first-born; and set your country a bleeding in a prelatical mutiny, to fight for your pomp, and that ill-favoured weed of temporal honour, that sits dishonourably upon your laic shoulders; that ye may be fat and fleshy, swoln with high thoughts and big with mischievous designs, when God comes to visit upon you all this fourscore years' vexation of his church under your Egyptian tyranny. For certainly of all those blessed souls which you have persecuted, and those miserable ones which you have lost, the just vengeance does not sleep.'—*Ib.* pp. 467, 468.

Thus much for the Puseyites. The rest of these incomparable productions, defaced, indeed, occasionally by the violence of language which characterised the stormy times in which they were written, but instinct with the noblest genius, bright with the most gorgeous eloquence, and enriched with truths and sentiments that belong to all time, we earnestly commend to the study of our countrymen.

'Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.'

We cannot dismiss this subject without a special recommendation of the edition of 'Milton's Prose Writings' now before us, to which the talents and diligence of Mr. St. John have attached peculiar attractiveness and value. The editor has the cardinal advantage of a full and familiar acquaintance with all the writings of Milton; still better, he thoroughly appreciates their genius, loves their principles and sentiments, and revels in their beauties. His copious foot-notes and preliminary dissertations give to his edition a value which, combined with its unusual cheapness, must, we think, secure it a very extended circulation. The style of Mr. St. John is clear, vigorous, and pointed, and frequently, by an unconscious imitation of the great subject of his study, indicates, as travellers sometimes do by an acquired air and costume, the regions in which he has sojourned, with an absorbing and self-forgetful pleasure.

Brief Notices.

The Judges of England; with Sketches of their Lives, and Miscellaneous Notices connected with the Courts at Westminster, from the Time of the Conquest. By Edward Foss, F.S.A., of the Inner Temple. Vols. I. & II. 8vo. William I.—Henry III. London: Longman and Co.

MR. FOSS has proposed to himself an immense task—requiring for its successful accomplishment a union of rare qualities. He is breaking comparatively new ground. His facts must be gathered from widely scattered sources, by the exercise of a patient discriminating research. None but those who have actually engaged in similar pursuits can form a conception of the laborious investigations necessary for such a work. In this particular, the author is admirably fitted for his task. Fulness of information, evidently obtained as the result of years of study of documents of the driest and most repellent character, characterises every page and line. The untiring industry which these two volumes show, merit the highest encomiums. But there is more than mere antiquarian keenness of vision required. The gradual development from the rudimentary indefinite forms of our system of jurisprudence needs a philosophical mind. And here, again, we find much to commend in the sketches modestly designated 'Miscellaneous Notices of the Courts,' which are prefixed to each reign, tracing the gradual condensing into known boundaries of the first vague powers of the several Courts. There is a still higher task before whoever would fitly write the lives of the Judges of England. The highest names in our annals will come within his range, the most memorable events in our history will fall to be discussed, and the writer must have all the

highest qualities of a historian to do these proud names and grave transactions justice. On Mr. Foss's qualifications for this part of his task, we are not prepared to speak, for the simple reason, that in the five hundred and eighty names here presented, we find scarcely one which is to Englishmen a household word; as the work advances, we shall have opportunities of seeing how the author will acquit himself on this field. In the meantime, we heartily thank him for his valuable contribution to students of history, for his painstaking research, and for his elaborate survey of the rise of the Courts, and we part from him with the wish that he may complete it as admirably as he has begun it. We shall hope, that in his succeeding volumes he will show himself as well qualified to deal with the mighty men he will find amongst our Judges, as in the present he has proved himself able to dig up from oblivion names, the interest of which has long since passed away. It is a serious reflection, with which we close these volumes—five hundred and eighty men, probably the wisest in our land of their day, lived their hour, had their honours and cares, and now, their names call up no association to the reader, and even to the searching student link themselves with no deeds. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, abridged. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. 8vo. Parts I. and II. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

IN a former number of our Journal (October, 1846), we recorded our high estimate of Dr. Kitto's '*Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*,' and the examination we have since instituted has served to strengthen our conviction of the soundness of the opinion then expressed. It has not only distanced all competitors, but has precluded the possibility of any intelligent judge instituting a comparison between it and any analogous English work. Entertaining such an estimate of the original work, we are glad to receive the early numbers of an abridgment, which is to be published in monthly numbers, and will go far to supersede the Biblical Dictionaries at present popular amongst us. 'The Epitome now offered for popular use,' remarks Dr. Kitto, 'has been prepared with much care and solicitude, by the condensation of most of the matter in the original work, and by the entire omission of some articles which were supposed to be of less interest to the general reader than to the clergyman and the theological student. In the work as it here stands, is offered such an exhibition of the results of large research, without the details and authorities, as could not, it is believed, have been produced, had not the larger Cyclopædia previously existed, and its valuable materials been made available for this service.' We need scarcely say that we strongly recommend the *Abridgment* to all such of our readers whose means do not permit their purchase of the original work.

Adventures in Borneo: a Tale of Shipwreck. 12mo. pp. 260. London: Henry Colburn.

WE commenced the perusal of this volume in the expectation of meeting with an authentic narrative, but doubts speedily arose, and we have

now no hesitation in classing it with works of fiction. To such works we have no objection. Whatever others may do, we deem it both unwise and useless to eschew the class. Exceptions may fairly be taken to the character and general tendency of such publications, but we know of no earthly reason why fiction should not be employed, not only for the amusement, but also for the instruction of mankind. The character of a work, however, ought to be distinctly notified in the title-page, and on this ground we except in the present instance. Waiving this we have no objection to prefer, but on the contrary, have to report that, he who commences the perusal of '*Adventures in Borneo*,' will be sure to proceed to the end, and will close the volume with a pleasing impression of the spirited and graphic style in which the author executes his task. It purports to contain the narrative of a youth whose father, a curate of the Established Church, had married the daughter of a noble house. Discarded by her family, in straitened circumstances, a lovely attendant on a sick and beautiful girl, she is opportunely relieved by a younger brother, whom the abdication of Napoleon released from a French prison. A subsequent change induced the worthy curate to accept a chaplaincy in the East, in proceeding to which the family was captured by Bornese pirates. The father and mother were slain, the daughter had previously died of exhaustion, and young Charles Meredyth was adopted by a tribe of 'wild, but merry Dyaks.' The subsequent narrative throws light on the usages of a people as yet but little known. Some portions of it are probably founded on personal observation; but the volume, as a whole, must be ranged with, and be judged of by the rules applicable to, works of fiction.

The Appeal; a Magazine for the People. Vol. I. July to December, 1848. Pp. 72. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

At a time when cheap periodical literature is doing such mischief amongst the people, it was a happy thought to publish a Monthly Tract, such as '*The Appeal*.' Its title does not alarm even the infidel; and its contents, by their variety, and their allusions—generally very happy—to the events and topics of the day, and to the views of the class for whom it is designed, make it an interesting tract for circulation. The contents of '*The Appeal*' are perfectly *unsectarian*, and the character of the editors is an ample guarantee that they will remain so. We perceive, that during the six months of its existence it has attained a circulation of twenty-five thousand; but we are confident, that if known to our tract distributors generally, it would be universally hailed as a welcome variety, in the *form* of 'appealing' to the masses.

Our Great Military and Naval Parliaments. 8vo. pp. 31. London: Charles Gilpin.

THE substance of this pamphlet originally appeared in the '*Standard of Freedom*,' in a series of articles, which deservedly engaged considerable attention, and threw much light on the relation subsisting

between our aristocracy and the military and naval establishments of the country. The articles were prepared with great labour; and though errors may probably be detected in a few of their statements, they were evidently founded on extensive investigation, and brought out some startling results, for which few are prepared. Having been carefully revised, and some important additions made, the papers are now issued in a cheap form for general distribution, and we strongly recommend their attentive perusal. Such disclosures are invaluable. The facts they bring to light, though unwelcome, must be realized, and be deeply pondered, before the reforms needful to our national welfare can be effected.

Since writing the above, we have received another reprint from the columns of the 'Standard of Freedom,' and defer till next month a more extended notice of their contents, and of Dr. Wade's volume, which has just come to hand.

The Sunday School; an Essay. By Louisa Davids. London: Sunday School Union.

THE prize offered by the Sunday School Union for the best book of practical instructions to Sunday School teachers, was awarded to the volume before us, which thoroughly answers the Committee's requirements, being essentially practical; but like all practical books that are worth any thing, by no means exclusively so. Principles are discussed—and on the decision as to them rest the rules for working the machinery of schools. We should be glad to see a copy of Mrs. Davids's volume in every school in the kingdom, as it is admirably adapted to promote—and that too in the highest sense—the order and efficiency of such institutions.

Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica, M.E.S. London: Reeve, Benham, & Reeve. 1849.

THE Essays composing this beautiful volume are not designed to form a scientific treatise on entomology, so much as to supply information on the habits of the insect world. We can scarcely imagine anything more admirably adapted to such a purpose. Its details are deeply interesting, written with great vivacity and spirit, and bespeak an accurate and universal knowledge of the subject. The illustrations are amongst the most beautiful specimens of art which we have seen, and the whole 'getting up' of the volume is tasteful and elegant. As a birth-day present, or an ornament of the drawing-room, the book is excelled by very few; while the sterling character of its contents gives it a permanent value by rendering it an instructive and useful, as well as a most pleasing, companion.

Madame de Malguet: a Tale of 1820. Three Vols. London: Longmans.

THE writer of these volumes may certainly claim some credit for invention, since the heroine is a lady neither fair nor young, but who having passed through a life of vicissitudes, and in male attire,

forms an attachment to an English naval officer, which rather lugubriously ends with their deaths. We regret, on the whole, that the story is so *outré*, since there is much spirited scene-painting, and many equally spirited conversations, proving the author to belong to a class far superior in general information to the usual herd of novel-writers. Some of the subordinate characters, too, are sketched with much spirit; and we think that with more pleasing *dramatis personæ*, and with the scene laid in England, the writer might produce a very interesting work.

The Paragraph Bible—The New Testament, according to the Authorized Version: arranged in Paragraphs and Parallelisms. London: The Tract Society

THE design and the execution of this volume are alike excellent. To whomsoever we are indebted for it, we tender our thanks, and to every reader, young or old, we say, avail yourself immediately of the aid it furnishes. The division of any book into chapters and verses can scarcely fail to engender much misapprehension. That it has done so in the case of the Bible, lies on the surface of the book itself, and may be seen even on a cursory inspection. These misapprehensions it is the object of the 'Paragraph Bible' to remove, and this design is very skilfully effected. An entirely new and very copious selection of parallel passages is also given, which, with judicious prefaces, and numerous notes, greatly adds to the value of the work. We shall be glad to see an edition printed in larger type.

The Service of Song in the House of the Lord. By Thomas Binney. Third Thousand.

The Closet and the Church: a Book for Ministers. By Thomas Binney. London: Jackson and Walford.

'THE Service of Song' is too well known for us to say anything more of it here, than that the present edition is published uniform with the 'Closet and the Church,' and with a reprint of 'The Ultimate Design of the Christian Ministry,' under the idea that they will together have a sort of completeness, uttering respectively some few thoughts on preaching, prayer, and praise.

'The Closet and the Church' is a book for ministers—an address on the necessity of frequent, secret prayer, which few will read without feeling that its words have a force which their own sense of deficiency makes terrible. There is nothing in it of the coarse vehemence which some people seem to think is the essence of practical appeals; nor of the distasteful assumption of superiority which neutralizes all pointing out of faults, especially when the rebuker is of the same class as the rebuked—a brother speaks to brethren, and does it as befits speaker, and audience, and subject. A deep sense of the solemnity of the topic has so filled the author's mind, as to subdue after having excited. Grave earnestness, repressed rather than nursed, seems to us, notwithstanding the author's characteristic apology for the

exaggeration designedly adopted in speaking to a mixed multitude, to be the excellence of the volume. We thank him for his faithful searching words, and prize the 'Closet and the Church' as fit to fill a place on a minister's shelves and in his heart beside the life of David Brainerd.

A Biblical Cyclopædia ; or, Dictionary of Eastern Antiquities, Geography, Natural History, Sacred Annals and Biography, Theology, and Biblical Literature, illustrative of the Old and New Testament. Edited by John Eadie, LL.D. London: Griffin. 1849.

ALTHOUGH there have been several publications analogous to the one before us, we do not think that of Dr. Eadie by any means superfluous. On looking at several of the articles, we have been pleased with their clearness and copiousness. Great care is manifested throughout. In some of the critical decisions we might not be disposed entirely to agree ; yet so far as information goes, we can recommend this dictionary as deserving what is indeed the prominent quality for such a work—confidence in its accuracy. It seems to us an excellent compilation, and calculated to answer the chief purposes for which such a work is desirable. It is right to observe, however, that Dr. Eadie does not claim originality on its behalf ; and yet the American publication from which it is taken, has been entirely re-modelled, and materially enlarged and improved. A portion of Dr. Eadie's preface will explain the whole:—'The basis of this book is the "Union Bible Dictionary" of America—a very correct and excellent publication. In consequence of its brevity, however, requisite space had not been given to many articles in proportion to their value ; and as it forms one of a series of similar works published by a society, its references to their other treatises are so numerous as greatly to detract from its value to readers in this country. In particular, the most interesting biographies of Scripture were usually so curt, that they are now presented as fresh compositions. The accounts, too, of the various books of the Old and New Testaments were too brief to satisfy the patient inquirer, and needed the fuller critical, and historical disquisitions of the present volume. The more recent researches of sacred geography have also supplied the place of older and less accurate views. So much, therefore, is the American copy changed and enlarged in the present work, that our Cyclopædia may almost claim to be a new production. Every article of any importance has either been re-written, or altered ; retouched, or greatly extended, for about two-thirds of additional matter has been added. More than one hundred original articles are also interspersed through the work in their appropriate places.

'It is strictly a Biblical Cyclopædia, confining itself to the illustration of Scripture. The extraneous topics of Biblical literature are only introduced so far as they bear directly upon the evidences and interpretation of the word of God. Information of this nature has been copiously employed—not arranged, indeed, under separate heads, but brought forward, as occasion served, to confirm or explain any observations made on the style, allusions, and history of the sacred oracles.'

Julamerk. A Tale of the Nestorians. By Mrs. J. B. Webb, Author of "Naomi." Three Vols. London: R. Yorke Clarke and Co.

THE authoress of these volumes is already favourably known to no inconsiderable part of the religious public by the work named on the above title-page. The incidents interwoven into the present tale, are, it seems, partly authentic. Its scenes are laid in those wild oriental regions in which have been preserved, for many ages, amidst the corruptions of surrounding Mahometanism, and the jealousy and obstinate hatred of Jews, the knowledge and worship of the true God, as early implanted by the primitive Christians, in their missions or their retreats. The ulterior object of the writer, beyond the wish to entertain and to instruct, is thus recorded in her preface:—"In presenting this work to the public, the author is desirous of exciting a warmer interest in the welfare of the steadfast and persecuted people of whom it treats, than is already felt by her countrymen. Attention has been occasionally drawn to their sufferings and their piety, and, in a spiritual point of view, it is hoped that their condition is somewhat improved, and that certain advantages have been afforded to them. But this has chiefly been done by the American Mission, whose praiseworthy zeal and liberality have been the means of establishing schools and disseminating the Scriptures in some Nestorian districts. Much, however, yet remains to be done; and the author will be truly gratified if her humble efforts should prove effectual in arousing the Christian sympathies of her readers in favour of these interesting people, and inducing them to extend their charity to this remnant of the literal Israel,—this despised branch of the spiritual Israel of God."

'Julamerk'—which derives its rather uncouth title from the name of one of the patriarchal settlements of the Nestorians—may be designated as a kind of evangelical romance. Like the secular works of that class, it has its glowing delineations of scenery, its descriptions of beauty, and its episodes of love. Desert journeyings, plundering hordes of mountaineers, the perils of conflict and capture, the precipice, the rifle, and the knife, contribute their various excitement to the narrative. But over all the scenes of wild and heroic adventure, there reigns a deep and pervading spirituality, which imparts to the book a somewhat rare peculiarity. This will be most felt by the reader in those parts in which the authoress develops the progress of Christian knowledge and piety in the mind of a thoughtless youth and of a Jewish heroine,—the ideal of whom, we think, must have been suggested by Scott's exquisite creation of Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*,—who are brought into the family of the Patriarch, the one by love for his sister, the other by accident and sickness. Perhaps the taste of the excellent authoress is somewhat questionable in making the success of the young martial lover dependent upon his conversion,—a change which, we cannot help thinking, the youthful heroine was bound, under the circumstances, to regard with considerable suspicion. The style of these volumes is throughout feminine and tasteful; and the entire execution and tendency of 'Julamerk' will obtain for it a welcome reception in circles from which works of fiction are ordinarily excluded.

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